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## *Studies in Biography.*

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### IV.—LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.<sup>1</sup>

#### PART THE FIRST.

THE history of those periods of transition which mark the development of the life and character of nations and serve to break, by distributing it over a large area, the otherwise too sudden shock of change, can never become obsolete or uninteresting to the thoughtful student. It is a border-land interposed between the Old and the New—the superseded Past and the new-born Present—the exact limits of which on either side it must always be a problem to determine. We cannot even be sure that we are in possession of all the materials necessary for forming a judgment. Definite, tangible facts, such as the accession and death or deposition of kings, wars and their issues, insurrections, intrigues, the more striking deeds, whether for good or evil, of notable men, criminal law, and, in general, all that most impresses the imagination, we find recorded with tolerable faithfulness in contemporary chronicles; but the motives and aims of policy, the craft of the statesman, the arts of the demagogue, the hopes of the ambitious, the fears of the powerful,—all that complicated machinery of human action which in its own day shunned the light and worked as noiselessly as possible, has usually been able to escape detection at the time, and suffered exposure only after many long years and under the gaze of a more keen-sighted posterity. If, therefore, in so many instances we go fruitlessly to contemporary writers for information on such obvious subjects—so we should now consider them—as the reason and aim of some policy or institution they describe, it is not surprising that the beginnings and progress of social change, which are of their nature gradual

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire de Louis XI.* Son siècle, ses exploits comme Dauphin, ses dix ans d'administration en Dauphiné, ses cinq ans de résidence en Brabant et son règne—d'après les titres originaux, les Chroniques contemporaines, et tous les témoignages les plus authentiques. Par Urbain Legeay, Professeur honoraire de la Faculté des Lettres de Grenoble. Paris: Librairie de Firmin Didot Freres, Fils et Cie. 1874.

and therefore more perceptible when viewed from a distant standpoint of time, should make almost no appearance as such in their pages at all. It is much if the course of their narrative leads them to register some pregnant facts from which we may draw conclusions for ourselves. But it would be hopeless and perhaps unreasonable to expect that they should provide us with a theory of their own, or even mark out the foundations upon which we might afterwards build.

Thus, in the general absence of all precise, and therefore so far forth controlling, details, the fullest liberty is allowed to speculation within the wide limits imposed by a few isolated facts which, moreover, are themselves capable of more than one interpretation. Nor can we, without injustice, refuse a hearing to any view which is not *prima facie* and flagrantly inconsistent with this most meagre evidence. And hence it is, as we have said, that the thoughtful reader reverts with an ever undiminished interest to the history of those times wherein great social and moral revolutions have accomplished themselves so silently and yet so surely—because he feels that the subject is in some sort inexhaustible, that it is surrounded with obscurity, and that every real contribution to its literature must throw a light upon the darkness which, if it does not guide us into new paths, will at least make our footing more secure and steady in the old.

The portion of French history with which the author before us undertakes to deal is the era of Louis the Eleventh, a monarch so well known to most of us from his picture—one of Scott's best historical delineations—in *Quentin Durward*. The fifteenth century, and especially the reign of Louis the Eleventh, with which the circumstances of M. Legeay's reading had brought him into peculiar contact, had always possessed an attraction for him; and he used often, he tells us, to ask himself in astonishment how such false notions could have got abroad respecting the character and demerits of one of France's greatest kings. The leisure, therefore, allowed to M. Legeay by the termination of his professional career was dedicated to the task of compiling from a variety of sources, and mainly from original documents, such an account of the life and times of his hero as would set him right with posterity, and make such amends as was still possible for the misrepresentation and calumny of which he had been the victim. But it was not permitted to M. Legeay himself to give to the world, the result

of his labours. The manuscript was indeed complete, but it is the care of a friend which arranged and revised the scattered pieces, and for any errors of detail which may unawares have crept into the text he craves the reader's indulgence. Although it is not easy to decide from the statement that the manuscript was at once complete and still needed arrangement and co-ordination, what has been exactly the editor's share in the preparation of this work, no one will question that it is a great disadvantage to any book, and especially to one so elaborate as the present, to have wanted the last cares of its learned author. At the same time, this loss in the present case cannot seriously affect the fate of M. Legeay's labours. Their value lies rather in the number of facts they have accumulated relating to the history of the times than in any originality of thought or argumentative subtlety with which these materials are handled. Indeed, considering the nature of the work, this is as it should be. The evidence on disputed historical points should be, as far as possible, allowed to speak for itself. The rhetoric of the advocates and the warmth of the partisan, are equally out of place when we are carefully sifting opposed or ambiguous authorities with a single view to the attainment of truth.

Whatever judgment we may be finally led to form of the moral character of Louis the Eleventh, it will hardly, we think, be denied that he was the central figure of his time. Under him, and to a great extent through him, the Crown recovered that supremacy which the misfortunes of the country, threatened by a foreign foe, had enabled the chief nobles successfully to dispute. And the power thus beneficially resumed he administered with a far-sightedness and sagacity, with a knowledge of the true interests of his country and a zeal to develop her resources, much in advance of the age in which he lived. To him also must be ascribed—unless he share the questionable merit with Italian sovereigns—the introduction into national policy of that intrigue and complex cunning which are so characteristic, unhappily, of what is called nineteenth century enlightenment. The age of Louis witnessed the extinction in spirit, as the preceding had done in fact, of that old feudal society, with its ideas and usages and manners, upon whose ruins has arisen, constructed in part out of the old materials, our modern social edifice. It was an age, therefore, of confusions and contradictions, of unsettlement and of change. The old landmarks

had been removed, and the new were not yet set up. There was conflict of orders and jurisdictions and rights. Out of this chaos it is Louis's glory to have brought forth a compact, united France, strong not only by the bond of union, but by those great principles of political wisdom which put nations on the path to a lasting prosperity. We cannot justly estimate the services rendered by Louis to his country unless we first make some acquaintance with its condition at the beginning of his reign. Although feudalism had passed away as a system under Philip the Fair (1300), not only had the English war, by the pressure it enabled the nobility to exercise on the Crown, undone some of his work, but the effects of feudal institutions were naturally felt till a much later period. To restore community of interest and of feeling to his distracted country was one of the main tasks of Louis' life. And yet one of the characteristic results of feudalism was its disintegrating, exclusive tendency. Any system which breaks up a population into a number of communities, each with its own centre—the feudal lord—its own laws, its own interests, each in such subjection to its chief that on his summons all its fighting men must take the field, even against—perhaps most usually against—their own fellow-countrymen, could not fail to be disintegrating and exclusive in the highest degree.

As a matter of fact, quarrels were frequent between these petty states, and every contest, whatever its issue, only embittered the mutual ill-will. Indeed, it was so much the fashion to settle these differences by an appeal to arms, that the recompense which the vassal pledged his lord in return for his protection was almost invariably military service, or knight service, as it was termed in England. The barons' castles, scattered through all the country, formed the rendezvous whence the hostile parties sallied forth to carry fire and sword, as fortune favoured, into the offending territory. No doubt the personal enmities of the nobility, or their ambition, or their greed, oftenest provoked these collisions, from which their vassals suffered as well as themselves; but whatever its source, this intestine warfare held asunder men of the same flesh and bone, whose true interests all pointed to consolidation and national unity. It is needless also to remark how fatal to commerce—if commerce had existed in the early times of which we speak—would have been this general armament and state of siege, subsisting, not as might have been expected, between alien

peoples, but in the heart of a nation nominally one. Yet, strait as was the bond which bound together the vassal and his feudal chief, it could not at times bear the strain put upon it by the oppression or pugnacity, or even weakness of the lord. Protection against spoilers was one of the articles of the original compact, and no man could see, without a murmur, his holding overrun, and his hearth desecrated by bands of ruffians, such as abounded in those troublesome times, whose lawlessness his superior was powerless to restrain.

These grievances, common to large bodies of dependants, while they weakened the spirit of feudal attachment, disposed them to seek, in coalitions of their own, redress for the abuses from which they suffered. Such leagues we find usually existing in towns, and the French monarchs eagerly seized the opportunity of an appeal to themselves as sovereign lords to release the appellants from all intermediate jurisdiction, making them direct vassals of the Crown alone. Thus Louis the Seventh<sup>2</sup> frequently alleges in his charters of enfranchisement the oppression which afflicted the towns as the motive of his grant. But his predecessor had gone still further in the same direction without, moreover, thinking it necessary to offer any reason for his grace. Availing himself of the absence of so many nobles at the crusades, he extended to any community which should care to apply for it a participation in all the privileges enjoyed by the communities settled on his own domain. Thus, in course of time, many cities came to be withdrawn from the baronial influence, and learned to look for protection and justice to the throne alone. The nobility, of course, regarded these transfers with no friendly eye, but difficulties had not yet made their services indispensable to the king, and the expenditure and disaster of the crusades had temporarily crippled their resources. They were forced, therefore, to remain spectators of what they would willingly have hindered if they had had the power.

Besides, it must not be supposed that the feudal system had so gained possession of the whole of France as to have stamped out all traces of the old Roman free-towns or *municipia*. Such certainly survived in the south, and no doubt preserved their liberties, although we cannot place the grant of formal charters earlier than the reign of Louis the Sixth.<sup>3</sup> And later, even the peers and other barons followed the example set

<sup>2</sup> 1137-1180.

<sup>3</sup> 1108-1137.

them by the King, and accorded the extensive privileges which charters conferred to their own feudal subjects. These concessions were probably extorted by pecuniary exigencies, and had no doubt their money value, even with the King himself, who might well have deferred, in granting them, to motives of policy alone. In this way, partly as relics of the Roman system, partly by royal creation, partly by the cooperation of the nobles themselves, there sprung up in France a multitude of towns practically outside the pale of feudalism, pledging their allegiance directly to the King, and prepared and destined at no very distant date to take his part against their former masters. No true idea can be formed of the times of Louis the Eleventh if we do not make large allowance for this support. This it was which encouraged him to raise the royal standard against the rebels of the "League," and did not desert him in plebeian Paris after the luckless day of Montlhéry. It was these towns which bred that sturdy middle class of industry fated afterwards to play so great a part in the new order of things then taking shape. Unless, indeed, he had been backed by the *bourgeoisie*, Louis might have become as powerless in the hands of his so-called vassals as his father before him. It must not be hence inferred that the support of the Commons would have been withheld from Charles the Seventh if circumstances had allowed him to appeal to it; but the period following upon the close of the English war, which had much increased the nobles' power, was little favourable to a direct attack upon their over-weening pretensions.

We have insisted upon the strength which Louis drew in the vindication of his rights from the loyal adhesion of the towns, or of such at least as were free to take their own side and were not overawed by the neighbouring barons. This fidelity he had merited by the special favour he had always shown to their inhabitants. He saw from the beginning that the subjection of the nobility and unification of the kingdom under a monarch, sovereign not merely in name, but in deed, could only be effected by raising up an intermediate class, whose interests should be identical with those of the Crown, and lie in a direction wholly contrary to the turbulence and misrule of the Crown's opponents. The germs of such a class he discerned in the citizens enfranchised during previous reigns, and accordingly he spared no pains to foster and nurture them. It was trade of course which brought the burghers their



livelihood and importance, and the promotion of trade was one of the objects nearest to Louis' heart. His enactments on this subject are characterized by a wisdom and largeness of view, joined with a knowledge of the principles of political economy, which deserved the reward they speedily experienced in a rapid extension of commercial prosperity among his subjects. But we have been led unconsciously to anticipate. We return to the state of France during the fifteenth century.

It is difficult, as has already been urged more than once, when society is moving forward into some new phase of thought and feeling as, for example, out of the old into what is called modern civilization, accurately to locate and measure the several stages by which this progress is accomplished. Experience teaches us that institutions survive in their effects long after they themselves have ceased to be, and thus are often better judged of by what they leave behind them than even by what they wrought during their term of life. History will, perhaps, record the date of their fall, but who shall fix the limits of place and time that bound their posthumous results? We shall therefore deem no apology necessary if we assume that a state of manners or habits of thought prevalent under Charles the Seventh, or even his father, might not have altogether died away before Louis the Eleventh, and if, accordingly, the first of the instances we are about to quote from M. Legeay do not fall nicely within the line of the fifteenth century. In illustration of the legal abuses which were possible but a few years before, he mentions two edicts issued by Charles the Sixth in 1392 and 1393, to forbid the confiscation of the property of Jews who desired—not to persevere in their errors—but to become converts to Christianity! This strange practice had been of long standing. Again, it was not uncommon even under Louis' father to reward informers or judges with the goods forfeited by the guilty man, whose trial might have been conducted with an utter disregard of all the prescribed formalities. In truth, the most deplorable confusion prevailed on the limits of the various powers and jurisdictions, not only as between the nobles and the King, but also between the spiritual and the temporal. M. Legeay provides us with an instance wherein no less than three jurisdictions are engaged. In 1407 the Provost committed to prison two students of the University of Paris, one a Breton, the other from Normandy, both charged with many crimes.

The Rector of the University protested against this infraction of its privileges, but in spite of his remonstrance, the prisoners having confessed their guilt under torture, were publicly executed. The Bishop then took the matter up, and censured the conduct of the Provost. The University meanwhile suspended all teaching until it should have received becoming satisfaction. October 26th was the date of the execution, and from that time till the middle of May, 1408, when the affair was settled by a decision of the King adverse to his provost, no sermons were preached in the churches, either during Advent or Lent, or even on Christmas Day or at Easter. On the other hand, in consequence of the complaints of the civil power, the Pope decided that the total suspension of teaching and preaching was not justifiable under the circumstances.

Such were the manners and times into which Louis was born on July 3, 1423, at Bourges, a town to which the English sneer then restricted his father's supremacy, calling him King, not of France, but of Bourges. It is significant that the child did not receive at his baptism, next day, the ill-omened name of Charles, which the disasters of the preceding reign had inseparably associated with the loss of national territory and national disgrace. We are told that Claude de Maupoint, when he had cast the royal horoscope, promised the young King seventy years of life and an old age more fortunate than his youth. He did not venture to designate more explicitly the perils of the future.

Louis' early education seems to have been left altogether in the hands of his mother, Mary of Anjou, a princess of talent and virtue, who subjected him to a course of literary training very different from the martial exercises which were in those days the universal, and almost the only, occupation of high-born youths. We have the evidence of Comines that he was tolerably well informed, and ever eager to enlarge his knowledge. "Indeed," says the old chronicler, "if his early education had been like that of the nobles I have seen reared in this kingdom, I hardly think the memory of what he had learnt would have profited him much; for all that they learn is how to make fools of themselves in dress and speech—of literature they know nothing at all." Towards history in particular, that study which most of all concerns the king who would rule wisely, he always felt a special attraction. The boy had quick parts, and they seem to have been cultivated by good masters. Perhaps it is



no very high praise, but we may safely pronounce him one of the most learned princes of his time. He early gave indications of the ambition and duplicity which distinguished his later years, although we may refuse to see in this, with Comines, a proof that what he calls the judgment and reasoning powers have usually a precocious development in royal families.

Louis had been betrothed, when only five years old, to the Princess Margaret, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, daughter of James the First of Scotland, and eight years later the marriage was celebrated at Tours. The bridegroom was but a year older than the bride. The death of his second brother, Philip, on June 11, about a fortnight before the wedding-day, cast a gloom over the marriage which was prophetic of its future unhappiness. About this time we find Louis accompanying his father on his progresses through different parts of the kingdom, and even winning his spurs by his father's side at the siege of Montereau, in 1437. The town was carried on the second assault, and the prince obtained mercy for the English garrison. The difficult negotiations with which he was now intrusted in Poitou, where some nobles had been abusing their seigniorial rights, and the successful issue to which he conducted them, speak better for his youthful capacity than a volume of courtly surmises upon the intellectual gifts of kings.

This mission, moreover, allowed him an opportunity of becoming acquainted for himself with the grievances of the lower vassals, as well as the extent and capriciousness of the baronial power which oppressed them. The license of the barons had encroached on the rights of the Crown no less than on those of its subjects, and his shrewdness could not have missed the obvious moral that a common foe should be met by united action. We shall see later that the lesson was not lost on him. For a time, however, events threw him into the arms of that very party of the nobles against which a great portion of his reign was a struggle of life and death.

The grievances alleged by the discontented nobles whose League was derisively styled *la Praguerie*, in allusion to the Hussite War in Bohemia, only cloaked the real motive that bound them together—their common alarm at the power which the establishment of the companies of ordonnance, the basis of the French regular army, and other measures for the repression of lawlessness, withdrew from themselves to lodge it in the hands of the King. The best proof that the oppression of the lower

orders by the Crown—one of the pretended grounds of the insurrection—had no real existence, is found in the fact that the peasantry held aloof from the League in distrust throughout. Nor were the nobles of one accord themselves, and the rebellion was speedily crushed, but not before Louis had suffered himself to be won over by the solicitations of the insurgent leader. His discontent at the influence exercised over the King by his mistress, Agnès Sorel, and the consequent neglect into which his mother had fallen, together with, perhaps, deeper and more ambitious views, predisposed him to revolt. When all was over, some sort of reconciliation was patched up between father and son, but it was not possible that either of them should ever forget the past.

All readers of French history will remember that Humbert the Second, last Count of Dauphiné, on his cession of his dominions to Philip of Valois in 1343, stipulated that they should always be the appanage of the King's eldest son, who should accordingly bear the title of Dauphin until his father's death. Charles the Fifth, the first who assumed this style, had fixed the age of investiture at fifteen, and the precedent had been followed by succeeding kings. Louis however was not entrusted with full powers over Dauphiné until July, 1440, and a few days after the issue of the letters of gift, his commissioners took possession of the country in his name. This delay of the investiture for two years is not surprizing when we remember that it was only this same month which witnessed the quelling of the "Praguerie." This is not the place to dwell upon the nature of the relations subsisting between father and son; but that they could not have been very cordial, appears from the outbreak of the former when Louis, on account of the King's refusal to include la Trémouille in the general amnesty, threatened to withdraw from the interview before any arrangement was come to. "Louis,"<sup>4</sup> said he, "the gates are open, and if they are not wide enough for you, I'll level you a passage out though it be through twenty fathoms of wall!" However, whether the pardon the son came to solicit was really granted or not, or whether his father only wished to give some occupation to his restlessness, Louis now entered into possession of his appanage, whither he went towards the

<sup>4</sup> "Louis, les portes sont ouvertes, et si elles ne vous sont assez grandes, Je vous ferai abattre quinze ou vingt toises des murs pour vous faire passage" (Quoted in *Histoire de France Illustrée*, p. 536. Paris, 1859).

end of December, and whither it will behove us to follow him for a time.

Our chief interest in Louis's administration of Dauphiné naturally lies in endeavouring to trace in it the promise of his future reforms as King. Dauphiné was in fact a little kingdom of itself, composed of many minor states whose chiefs considered themselves little if at all inferior to their Count. Humbert's style was "Prince de Briarçonnais, Duc de Champsor, Marquis de Césane, Comte Palatin de Vienne, d'Albon, &c." It is especially noticed that the temporal authority claimed by bishops in their dioceses was quite incompatible with the doctrine of the Count's supremacy. Here then Louis had an opportunity of serving an apprenticeship to his future work, and we find him accordingly setting himself with a will to vindicate his sovereign rights. "The prelates and abbots, it must be understood, were completely feudal nobles. They swore fealty for their lands to the King or other superior, received the homage of their vassals, enjoyed the same immunities, exercised the same jurisdiction, maintained the same authority as the lay lords among whom they dwelt."<sup>5</sup> Louis opened the campaign with the Church of Vienne, which did not scruple to reckon even the Dauphins among her vassals; and on gaining his point with the Archbishop, was emboldened to publish an edict requiring all prelates and ecclesiastical bodies, as well as proprietors of so-called allodial lands, to do him homage, and, by also lodging in the exchequer a statement of what possessions they held, to acknowledge that they held them as fiefs. Some bishops appealed against this edict to the Pope, but without effect.

Commerce next engaged the Dauphin's attention. A treaty of alliance and commerce between Dauphiné and Savoy, made in 1449, stipulates that trade is to be free between the two provinces. The import and export duties hitherto exacted are not to be raised, nor must hindrance be offered to the sale of any merchandise whatsoever. In case of complaint on this head, amends must be at once made to the parties injured. The mention of commerce gives us an occasion to introduce an amusing disclosure elicited by some French or Burgundian deputies, who were commissioned in the interests of commerce to ascertain the boundaries of the two countries, and were directed to consult for that purpose the frontier towns and

<sup>5</sup> Hallam's *Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 212. Seventh edition.

villages. No less than one hundred and twenty of these, though set down to Burgundy, asserted their right to be considered French! We may form an idea of the general haziness and uncertainty hanging over all sorts of rights and limits when such a claim was possible.

Another abuse characteristic of the times, and which, though formally suppressed by Charles the Sixth, had been since revived in Dauphiné and among other provinces—the issue of what were called “*Lettres de querelles*”—met with scant mercy at Louis’ hands. When feudalism was at its height, the right of waging private war seems to have belonged, or at all events to have been assumed to belong, to the higher nobility of France, and it was with difficulty at times that they could be induced to suspend their personal feuds in the presence of a foreign foe. The Dauphin’s veto of this practice was peremptory and effectual. He was not less careful to revoke the privilege of immunity from taxation which had been so lavishly granted by his predecessors to the inhabitants of certain districts. Even so-called allodial lands were not suffered to go free, for he held the title of their proprietors to have been in fact an usurpation. The composition of his household at this period does not give any colour to the charge subsequently made against him that he chose his favourites out of the lowest classes of the people. Nor does he seem, when we take into account his slender revenues, to have been over cautious in his expenditure. But perhaps the surest testimony to the importance he had already acquired in Europe is found in the consideration paid to him by most of the contemporary sovereigns, who accredited ambassadors to his court and eagerly sought his friendship.

We must resist the temptation to turn aside for a moment to the marvellous history of that poor peasant girl who was the instrument under heaven of delivering her country from a foreign yoke at a time when all seemed lost. Miserably as Charles requited her devotion, she had thrown round her king the halo of a conqueror, the restorer, the saviour of his country, and it might have been expected that his reign, which had opened in darkness and storm, would have had a tranquil and glorious end. But it was not to be so. His suspicions and fears of the Dauphin gave him no rest. Impatient of the influence exercised over his father by his mistress, Agnès Sorel, Louis had withdrawn from the Court ever since 1446, and in spite

of several invitations persisted in his resolution not to return. He had, contrary to his father's wishes, who desired an English connexion, married five years later the Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and he was accused, moreover, of the wish to erect Dauphiné into an independent kingdom, where he might reign absolute and undisputed. His reforms, too, had made him many enemies among his own subjects, who carried their remonstrances to the throne of the King, and obtained a gracious hearing and promise of redress. This unhappy dissension at last reached such a pitch, that the King set out with an armed force for Dauphiné, with the professed object of reforming the misrule which was alleged to afflict it. He made every effort, but without success, to bring about a meeting between himself and his son, who in real or dissimulated terror fled before his approach, and took refuge at the Court of Philip of Burgundy, his father's enemy. When Charles heard of the quarter where his son had sought asylum, he is said to have remarked, "The Duke of Burgundy is feeding a fox that will eat his chickens!" Upon the Dauphin's flight, the King marched into his dominions, which he declared confiscated to the Crown, and assumed the administration of them himself. His son, meanwhile, divided his leisure between the chase and literary occupations. He founded a little academy in the palace assigned him at Genappes, the members of which were obliged to furnish in turn a little story, after the manner of Boccaccio, then all the fashion, which they read aloud in the presence of the rest. These pieces were afterwards collected and published on the death of Louis, under the title of the *Cent nouvelles nouvelles*, in allusion to the Italian poet's *Decameron*. Seven, or by some eleven, of the number are ascribed to Louis. The volume is described as in its spirit an elaborate satire on the overstrained, though romantic and lofty sentiment which characterises the writings of Charles d'Orléans—the last of the troubadours. A simple, somewhat homely style, in character with the stories told, covers a vein of sly pleasantry and banter which runs throughout the whole work. But the blot upon it is its licentiousness, from which we fear Louis' contributions can claim no special exemption. Brantôme says of Louis' youth, that the stories which pleased him best over the dinner table were those which were most obscene, and his share in the *Cent nouvelles nouvelles* affords no proof that he had altered his tastes with age.

It is sorrowful to think that Charles was not allowed before his death to see his son once more. He died even before any formal reconciliation had been effected between them, but that he pardoned him the past may be perhaps inferred from his resistance to the intrigues of his courtiers, who wished him to pass over Louis and bequeath the Crown to his younger son Charles, afterwards Duke of Berry. The proximate cause of the King's death is usually stated to have been his total abstinence from food, in apprehension of poison being mingled with it by some tool of his unworthy son. And when at last he was prevailed upon to eat, the compliance came too late—the system had run too low. This account seems improbable enough, but it has never been, so far as we are aware, called in question. The news of the King's death quickly reached Genappes, and the exile lost no time in putting himself on the road to Rheims, where he was solemnly consecrated with great pomp on August 15, 1461. He is said, characteristically enough, to have thought seriously of having himself consecrated at Orleans instead, by the Archbishop of Sens, in order to mark his dissatisfaction with the Archbishop of Rheims, who had omitted after his election to pay his liege homage to the King. However, he wisely abstained from so ungracious an act at the very beginning of his reign. But men soon felt that another and firmer hand now held the reins of power. The Court in particular, and the high functionaries of the State, found that their change of masters involved, if they would retain their places, a different sort of service from heretofore. Many, indeed, of his father's servants, Louis dismissed at once—some of real worth—with an indiscreet severity for which he made the best amends in his power by recalling them soon afterwards. And yet these sweeping measures need surprize us little when we remember that he had lived away from Paris for fifteen years, the last five of which he had spent even outside France itself, and that during this long interval there had grown up at Court parties hostile to himself, which had possessed themselves of the ear of the King, and filled with their adherents all the positions of trust. Louis did not show himself, however, implacable to his enemies, for when Pierre de Breryé, on whose head the King had set a price, determined "to carry it to him himself," the King was pleased at his audacity and granted him a free pardon.

The provinces, meanwhile, forbore to express an opinion



upon the new course things were taking, none wishing to be the first to move. Carcassonne set the example by taking unasked in the Cathedral and on the Blessed Sacrament the oath of allegiance to the new King, and his authority was soon recognized throughout. All those who had in any way befriended him, whether by money or otherwise in the days of his distress, he rewarded liberally. Thus at Tours he sought out a Carmelite friar, who, when he was flying from his father's Court and dreaded being overtaken, had given him the mule he himself bestrode, and ten crowns he carried in his purse—the proceeds of a collection he had just been making—and all without knowing whom it was he relieved. He bade the good monk ask whatever boon he wished in return, and when he desired that a monastery might be built where he could live in community with his brethren, the King gave orders for the erection of the building at once. Many other gifts to monasteries or churches, bestowed at this and other times, might be mentioned, and upon them, and also perhaps upon his abrogation of the Pragmatic Sanction—which he afterwards restored—an opinion has been founded that Louis was a devoted child of the Church. We shall have perhaps more to say on the general question hereafter, but we can at once proceed to discuss his motive in repealing the Sanction. The particular Sanction, of course, of which there is question here, is that issued by Charles the Seventh in 1438, in consequence of the dispute between the Schismatical Council of Basle and Pope Eugenius the Fourth. Charles being either unable, or not caring to decide between the rival claims himself, assembled a national synod at Bourges, in which legates attended both from the Pope and the Council. This synod having accepted the decision of the Council that general councils were over the Pope, twenty-three articles for the regulation and discipline of the Gallican Church, founded upon that and other decrees of the pretended Council, were signed by the King, and constitute the Pragmatic Sanction of Charles the Seventh. Two of the most important articles were: (1) The election of bishops belongs to the respective chapters, subject to the royal sanction. (2) The cases in which appeals to Rome are allowed are restricted to those specified in the Sanction. It is evident how incompatible were these and other provisions of the decree with the legitimate authority of the Holy See, and how gladly therefore it would welcome any negotiation having for its

object their repeal. Indeed, there is reason to suppose that the papal legate Toffredi had broached the subject to Louis even while he was still at Genappes. Eventually the obnoxious Sanction was repudiated in 1461, but a few years later saw it revived with the full consent of the King. Both these phenomena are easily explained. It was no dutifulness to the Church or sense of the wrong done her by his father, or any solicitude for her interests, that made Louis open negotiations with the Court of Rome. No doubt he would be sorry to sacrifice the right of confirming the chapter's election, usurped by Charles the Seventh, but on the other hand these elections themselves were a source of influence to the nobility, with whom the clergy made common cause, and therefore a fresh danger to the Crown. Besides, he might hope from what he considered the easiness of the Pope's temper, to have his own way very much in the ecclesiastical appointments, even though the Pragmatic were repealed. Yet this was after all only a balance of advantages; what really disposed Louis to lay the Pope under an obligation, was his anxiety that the House of Anjou should succeed to the throne of Naples. The abolition of the Pragmatic Sanction was meant as a bribe to obtain the Pope's support for John of Calabria. But when it was found ineffectual to detach him from the party of Ferdinand of Arragon, nothing remained, of course, but that it should be withdrawn. And withdrawn accordingly it was. Yet this temporary repeal of the Sanction did Louis a mischief altogether independent of its failure. It at once affronted and alarmed the nobles, who feared the abatement of their influence in the ecclesiastical elections, it was thought an insult to the memory of Charles, and it did not meet the popular wishes. Thus the King managed by his vacillation to please neither God nor man.

Perhaps, also, we may be allowed to doubt the disinterestedness of his attachment to his friends, when we know that for a loan of one thousand crowns made to Margaret of Anjou, the unhappy queen of our English Henry the Sixth, he required Calais as a pledge of repayment. In the same way, though here of course there is no question of the claims of friendship, he obtained the counties of Cerdagne and Rousillon from John the Second of Arragon. He further ransomed at four hundred thousand crowns the cities of La Somme which his father in the days of his distress had ceded to the Duke of Burgundy. Thus his dominions had grown, either by the acquisition of



new or the recovery of old possessions, when there appeared the first indications of a storm threatening nothing less than the complete and permanent dissolution of the fabric so laboriously put together. We can see in Louis' conduct from the beginning that he made little secret of his views on the authority usurped to themselves by the nobles, and of his determination to uphold the authority of the Crown at any hazard. From the very outset of his reign he showed a leaning for the plebeian interest, and it was therefore made a matter of reproach to him that the places left vacant by the dismissal of their former occupants under Charles were filled with low fellows sprung from the people. However, until he had placed himself firmly on the throne, and informed himself of the resources upon which he could rely, it was clearly premature to provoke a conflict inevitable though he and no doubt the nobility must have foreseen it to be. It is possible, indeed, that he did not anticipate that the resistance to his policy would have gone the length of open rebellion, but whether this had been reckoned for or not, we do not think that Louis would have held civil war too dear a price to pay for the restitution of his sovereign rights. At any rate, in 1463, he thought himself strong enough to open the campaign, and began by calling on the Duke of Brittany to renounce pretensions which were an usurpation of his own supremacy. Duke Francis the Second did certainly carry his head too high, and we cannot blame the King if in mere self-defence he proceeded to read him a lesson of submission. It was notorious that at Rome the Duke claimed to be treated as a sovereign prince, that he had had it proclaimed in full consistory that he acknowledged no dependence on the throne of France, and that in fact, at the canonization of St. Vincent Ferrer, his banner and his carriage bore a crown instead of the ducal hat. Francis, not prepared at the moment to oppose force to force, thought it more prudent to obey, and yielded to the King the matter in dispute, viz., his right to receive an appeal from Guillaume de Malestroit, Bishop of Nantes, whom Francis had ousted from his see. But the Duke, while professing an outward submission, had already taken measures to secure the support of the most influential among his brother nobles. His letter represented to them that their privileges were in danger when his were assailed, that they themselves were struck at through him, and that therefore their only safety lay in making common cause against a common foe.

The truth of these representations could not be denied, and the nobles felt their cogency. They hearkened readily to the proposal of a combined resistance, and in 1465 the federation took the field under the command of the Count de Charolais, better known afterwards as Charles the Bold of Burgundy. His first cousin, Louis' brother, the Duke de Berri, was also found among the insurgent ranks. We seem to have reached in this war of the "League,"—"League," as they styled themselves, of the "Public Weal," a convenient stage where our narrative may for the present close.

D. C.

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*Thoughts from St. Bernard.*

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For this the wound, for this Thy Heart is riven,  
Where from our weary thoughts we find a home;  
Within Thy Heart *our* hearts have sought their heaven,  
We come, O Lord, we come!

Our King, our Brother, and our Friend Who loves us,  
Receive our prayers into this holy shrine;  
Till every wish and will and thought that moves us,  
Be Thine, O Lord, be Thine!

The fleshly wound, Thy soul's deep wound revealing,  
Opens the passage to our reverent gaze;  
Shall we not love a God, such love revealing?  
We love, adore, and praise!

Bound as we are in life's oppressive fetters,  
With feeble voice our souls to Thee have cried,  
Whose Body has been stamped with bleeding letters,  
In Hands, and Feet, and Side.

O Jesu! beautiful beyond all beauty!  
Cleanse us in this bright stream that floweth still;  
Here let us dwell, and work with loving duty  
*Thy* will, O Lord, *Thy* will!

C. P.

## *A Vacation Ramble in Germany.*

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### PART THE SEVENTH.

The Green Vaults (*Grüne Gewölbe*), as some eight rooms in the old Palace are strangely called, for they are neither green, nor vaults—contain the treasury of the royal family. Perhaps it is, as it seems to us, the richest and choicest collection of precious things in Europe. The one at Vienna alone is mentioned in comparison with it, and that we did not see. Here are the crown jewels and State ornaments, and with them are also the gifts which only royal personages could give and receive, as well as things quaint or beautiful, which vast resources and lavish expenditure alone could commission or venture to trifle with. Here are they seemingly scattered in wild confusion which yet has order and meaning in it, and though the rooms are large, yet are their contents of necessity so crowded together that a satisfactory examination of them is altogether out of the question. How strange it is, that where, as in such a royal palace as this, there must be so much spare room, such a huddling together of well-nigh priceless gems, should be tolerated; and a collection which would decorate a whole palace and gain in effect by its proper dispersion through different rooms, should be almost stowed away as in a shop, and heaped up as though economy of space were the chief consideration! However, there is this consolation, that strangers may easily gain access to these few obscure rooms, who could scarcely hope to be allowed the free run of a large palace. And again, there may be greater protection in a very limited space, and greater facilities in packing up and carrying them away in times of danger. And this latter object is anything but an imaginary one, seeing that both the pictures and these other treasures have more than once been carried off for safe keeping to the lofty and precipitous heights of the Königstein.

The wealth that is here accumulated is almost fabulous, and tells of the great revenues of the Electors of Saxony in former days. The silver mines at Freiberg, some twenty miles from Dresden, were probably the chief source of this wealth, and this collection appears to have grown up from time to time under successive rulers, who employed native artists and encouraged foreigners of repute to devote their time and skill to the service of such rich and generous patrons. But two among these Saxon Electors deserve to be especially marked out for commendation, as far at least as the formation of this treasury is concerned ; and these are the only two who rose to a higher nominal rank than the rest, until Napoleon did here what he did also at Stuttgart, and ordered the local Elector to take on him the title of king.

Augustus the Strong, in an evil hour for his own peace of mind and body, resolved to add another jewel to his collection ; but this time he selected a diamond of many flaws and inferior water. In other words, he found the crown of Poland up for auction, and beat his two distinguished competitors, the Elector of Bavaria and the Prince de Conti, by paying down ten millions of florins and promising to spend millions more upon his new capital of Warsaw. So he became Augustus, King of Poland, and employed his real jewels upon right royal vestments for this tinsel and worthless crown. Modelling his life upon that of his royal cousin of France, he became another Louis the Fourteenth, and presided with all the dignity and licentiousness of the Grand Monarch over his two Courts at Dresden and Warsaw, and like him must needs play the soldier. Charles the Twelfth was his Marlborough, as Frederick the Great was to his son and successor ; so it may be readily understood how little beside an empty title was the gain which Poland brought to the Electors of Saxony. Luckily the luckless and venal crown passed from them after the reign of the second Augustus, and little remains to mark this queer incident in the history of the House of Saxony, but the State robes and the jewelled decorations with which the unfortunate father and son used to adorn themselves at such times as their troublesome neighbours or still more troublesome subjects left them at peace to enjoy their love of ease and pleasure, and to encourage the fine arts, as to do them simple justice they both did.

The Green Vaults are rich in memorials of this foreign reign, and so we have briefly alluded to what is in itself but small,

and yet not without its great influence upon the history of Europe.

There are cabinets, or rooms, of bronzes, ivories, mosaics, enamels, ambers, ostrich eggs, corals, shells, and mother-of-pearl. Vessels of gold, silver gilt, filigree work, ruby glass of the sixteenth century—which invention died with its inventor, to be rediscovered in our own time—and clocks of wondrous forms and devices. There is a “great hall of precious things,” which does not belie its name, and this leads up to what the excellent catalogue by Dr. Graesse, the obliging director, calls simply “the corner closet.” Well, so it is; nothing more nor less than a corner closet, but such a closet as has no rival for its riches, so the director is quite justified in describing it as a “magnificent room arranged and decorated with the finest taste, containing two hundred and forty specimens of beautiful carvings in ivory and half precious stones, and a large number of misshaped oriental pearls, for the most part nicknacks, made from the end of the seventeenth century to the middle of the eighteenth century, presents and tokens of friendship to the royal family of Saxony.”

We will give one specimen in illustration, and we will again quote the catalogue, for of course the director has examined it more minutely than we would be permitted to do.

“The celebrated golden egg, the most surprizing and ingenious work of this cabinet, given by a Polish gentleman as a gift of courtesy to Augustus the Strong. This piece was intended for a scent box, and contains several surprizes. When opened on the bottom, a reservoir for perfumes is discovered; when opened on the top, at first is seen the yolk of an egg in gold and enamel, under this is a chicken of the same material, and inside this is a seal in the form of the Polish crown, richly adorned with small diamonds, pearls, and a cornelian, on which is engraved a French device, with the inscription, *Constant malgré l'orage*. This crown also opens and discloses a diamond ring, under the largest stone of which is painted a burning heart, and the motto *Constance et Fidelité*.”

Another room contains wood carvings by Albert Dürer and others, and the whole rich and varied collection is brought to a climax in the eighth, or Jewel Room. Here are the crown jewels, which are indeed, called the Polish regalia, because they were set for the coronation of Augustus the Strong at Warsaw. They are grouped in six cases, (1) the rose diamonds, worked

into the seven orders of the Golden Fleece, with other precious stones, including the largest Bohemian garnet of forty-seven carats. (2) The brilliants, among which is a sword hilt of one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight single stones, and the great gem of the collection, the green brilliant weighing upwards of forty carats. (3) The celebrated eight strings of pearls—four are Saxon from the river Elster, and four are Oriental pearls. It is hard upon the really beautiful Saxons to put them in such close proximity to jewels which none can rival. Then follow the rubies and emeralds in modern settings, and the sapphires in ancient guise. After this we hardly care to linger over the Saxon topaz, or the Indian chains of gold. We are, indeed, so dazzled that we can hardly distinguish one from the other. It requires the fierce relics of war to revive an almost exhausted curiosity, and nothing less will suffice than the Polish sabre of John Sobieski, and the Pasha staff of the famous Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, the tokens both of the besieger and the deliverer of Vienna in the last attack upon it by the Mahometan invader.

The martial spirit thus kindled finds fuel for the flame in the historical museum or armoury (*Rüstkammer*) in one of the wings of the Zwinger Palace. Here are arranged in long galleries not only groups of weapons for the chase and war, but mounted figures, horses and men alike clad in armour. One gallery is devoted to the instruments of the tournament, and to the State suits of armour of black or gold, which were worn in processions at funerals or on gala days. Another is filled with weapons for actual warfare, and on mimic men and horses are the real suits which have done good service on men of renown. Here sits the warlike figure of that Elector of Saxony who was the leader in the Thirty Years' War, and here beside him is the suit which Gustavus Adolphus put aside that he might fight in that buff leather in which he fell at Lützen, and which is so carefully preserved at Vienna. Here too is the cuirass of Augustus the Strong, weighing one hundred pounds. Few now-a-days could stand under his armour. But what could not a man bear who "lifted a trumpeter in full armour, and held him aloft in the palm of his hand, and who twisted the iron banister of a stair into a rope;" but be this as it may, there are the pieces of the horseshoe still preserved here which he broke in two between his fingers, and for the benefit of the still sceptical, there hangs alongside the written and signed



testimony of those who saw Augustus do it! What more need be said? In another room there are the trappings and harness, the bits and stirrups which the two Saxon Kings of Poland used during those showy reigns, and very characteristic they are of those mad times. One set of harness is of splendidly-enamelled gold, set with rubies, while another of silver is set with pearls. But from such gorgeous things as these the eyes turn with a fresh interest to the scale armour which Sobieski wore when he delivered Vienna from the Turk, and by the side of which, in no unworthy companionship, is that of the Elector who led his Saxons to the same field, and was the first to plant the standard of Christ in the camp of the infidel. With honest and commendable pride the horsetail standards, the arms and other trophies which he bore home from that great victory, are suspended around, and crown with a new glory the memory of the victors. The suburbs of Dresden, at least those we drove though on the right bank of the Elbe, are picturesque; they rise on steep hills from the margin of the river, and are crowned on all points with white villas commanding, one must imagine, excellent views, but so shut in by lofty walls that the carriages which pass along the deep, narrow lanes afford no prospect to their occupants except on rare occasions. The neighbourhood has another attraction in the great names which have been connected with it. At one point, where a vineyard overhangs the road is a delapidated country house where, an inscription informs us, Schiller wrote his *Don Carlos*. The house belonged to Körner, the father of the poet of that name. Not far away is Weber's house, where he compose *Der Freischütz*.

A six hours' railway journey brought us pleasantly enough from Dresden to Berlin. The only place of note we passed in our way was Wittzenburg, but of this we saw no more than the railway station. However, time enough was afforded us to taste the beer, and to think of course of Hamlet and Horatio, and of that other student who made of the old University city what the guide-book calls a "Protestant Mecca."

Well, we thought our thoughts concerning this Mecca, and what had come of it, and we drank our beer as the great Mahomet of the place had often done in his day; and then we compared the original Prophet and his temperance laws with this German copy and his love of strong drinks, and we thought—that it was time to return to the train and to speed on to Berlin, which just now seems to be a third Mecca with a

local Prophet who may prove to be the two former rolled into one.

It was a damp, chilly evening when we entered Berlin by the Brandenburg Gate and drove *unter den Linden* to our hotel, Stadt Rom. The Lindens were nearly leafless, and the walk and drives beneath them were wet and muddy; so we were glad to get comfortably housed. Yet as our time was growing short, we wandered out again to see what could be seen by gas-light. We pursue our way down the broad street, which now clear of the gaunt trees, shows its fine dimensions. Noble buildings occupy both sides of it, a handsome bridge with statuary on its parapets, crosses a dark, narrow stream which soon made itself smelt as the Spree. And now the street widens into a fine square, and before us as we turn into it comes out the grand portico of what we know to be the Museum: and now giving up further investigations, we return and get what view we can of a noble statue, or rather, a noble group, with Old Friz in pigtail and cocked hat as its crowning glory. We pass a guard-house just as the guard turn out for what at first thought might be to quell some riot among the radical Berliners, but which we see is but for a sudden inspection by an officer who is going on his very irregular rounds, and coming down unexpectedly upon the different stations. We watch with no small interest the rigid inspection, and a simple matter of detail is, to our surprise, repeated over and over again until some point of perfection far beyond our unprofessional ken, is attained.

And now by daylight we renew our acquaintance with the new capital of the German Empire, and experience much of that strange feeling which at times comes over us when we see clearly what we had before glanced at confusedly. But first we go to hear Mass, for it is the feast of the Assumption. We cross the square in which stands the Royal Palace, pass the Opera-house, and find ourselves in front of a copy of the Pantheon at Rome—the Church of St. Hedwig. We enter and find a priest saying a Low Mass for the dead! Perhaps we have mistaken the day, perhaps we are in some church of the new sect which so perversely calls itself Old Catholic, perhaps—but no, there is no mistake either of time or place: and so we celebrate the Assumption of our Blessed Lady in this strange fashion. We were afterwards told that the feast is not a holiday of obligation in Prussia, but is transferred with all its

rejoicings and obligations to the following Sunday. We did not stay long enough in Berlin to test this, and so we must be content to record only what we were told.

As we pass the Opera-house we glance at the bills which are especially tempting. Weber's *Preciosa* for to-night, and Goethe's translation of a tragedy of Æschylus for to-morrow. We had heard before of the beauty of these classic renderings of Greek plays, where all the especial features of the ancient drama are preserved ; but we may not linger in Berlin, and so postpone this among many other pleasures which are to be enjoyed, if so be, another time.

The Old Museum, as it is called, not because of its age, for it is not yet fifty years old, but because it has one not yet completed adjoining it, has a noble portico, the walls of which are frescoed by Cornelius in a highly allegorical style, as might be expected when a modern German artist proposes to himself such a subject as "the history of the formation of the universe and the intellectual development of mankind." Under the portico are statues of Prussian art-worthies, Rauch, Schinkel, Winkelmann and Schadow. On the right of the staircase stands Kiss' great work, which formed so prominent an object in the Great Exhibition, and Wolf has executed another group of a lion attacking a horseman, to pair off with the combat of the Amazon. The interior contains two stories, with a large circular central hall running from floor to roof. The collection in statuary is fair, but not in any respect remarkable. The picture-gallery runs round the whole of the building except where the vestibule intervenes, and as it incloses not only the central hall, but two large courtyards, it is very extensive, indeed it consists of thirty-seven rooms. As usual, the pictures are arranged in schools. The collection is good in an historical point of view—that is to say, it contains fair specimens of most schools, and is particularly rich in the earliest ones, but it ranks far below the galleries at Munich and Dresden.

To those who know (and who does not?) Hubert Van Eyck's famous picture of the Adoration of the Spotless Lamb, in the Cathedral at Ghent, the twelve pictures here which once formed the wings or shutters of that great work will be most interesting. They are painted on both sides of six panels, which, we are told, are turned once daily, so that those who are fortunate enough to be in the gallery at the right time may see the complete series.

It seems a pity that these valuable portions of so great and important a work should be separated from the central picture. They lose more than half their interest when thus away, while the work at Ghent is stripped of even more of its effects by this severing of its members.

In these days of international exhibitions and congresses, when art and science learn to look beyond narrow boundaries and local interests, one might reasonably hope that the *dissecta membra* of these and other great pictures might be brought together, and mutual interchange might, without any great loss, do much to advance the interest of art. Surely Belgium could give Prussia some pictures which would compensate even for these six panels, and thus a great work would once more be whole, and the fine portrait of Jodocus Vyts, the Burgomaster of Ghent, once more hang in company with the noble work which was painted at his desire and expence. This would be an achievement worthy of two such noble patrons of art as the Emperor of the Germans and the King of the Belgians. And who knows but that so noble a beginning might lead to many such acts of international courtesy, for how many such fragments of works of renown are thus scattered about in different galleries, few imagine who have not turned their attention to the matter. These barbarous divisions took place in the dark ages of art—it needs not to go back far in time to find them—when men talked about pictures rather than loved them, and a narrow jealousy made them covet a piece of a picture rather than that a neighbour should have the complete work: as savages would rather break a marble statue to pieces than that they should, any of them, want a fragment they might ignorantly boast in possessing. It may be well to note down from the catalogue the subjects of these twelve paintings that we may hang them in memory around the great central picture of the Adoration of the Spotless Lamb. (1) The Just Judges, including portraits of Hubert Van Eyck himself and his brother John; (2) the Soldiers of Christ, with portraits of Charlemagne and St. Louis; (3 and 4) Angels Singing and Playing; (5) the Holy Hermits; (6) the Holy Pilgrims; (7) St. John the Baptist; (8) the Portrait of Jodocus Vyts; (9) the Angel Gabriel; (10) our Blessed Lady at the Anunciation; (11) Elizabeth, the Wife of Jodocus Vyts, and (12) St. John the Evangelist. There is here a strange and very powerful picture by Rembrandt, as powerful in execution as it is strange in subject. It is described as being "A portrait

of Duke Adolph of Gueldres shaking his clenched fist at his father." We know not what has moved the duke to this unnatural act of violence, but certainly the passion portrayed in the face could hardly find expression in a less emphatic manner.

The New Museum joins on at the back of the old one: for though a street separates them, a broad bridge, which internally is a flight of stairs, leads from one to the other. This is acknowledged to be, in respect at any rate to its internal arrangement and decoration, the most magnificent building in Berlin. It is still in the hands of the artists who have here a field for the exercise of their highest and most intellectual powers. A broad central staircase leads up to the grand hall where Kaulbach's pupils, Echler and Muhr, have painted six noble pictures in *Wasserglass-Malerei*, which are very brilliant and effective. The process is simple enough. The wall is saturated with a solution of silica, and this forms the ground upon which the picture is painted in water-colours; then another coat of the silica is laid on like varnish, and between these two thin sheets of transparent flint the water-colour remains guarded against all the attacks which damp and other enemies wage so effectively against most other wall paintings. The subjects are historic and heroic, and are treated in a corresponding largeness of style and handling. But the decorations so nobly began do not limit themselves to the great hall, but expand and develope throughout the different departments, adapting themselves to the purposes for which the various saloons are intended, and forming thus, as it were, a key to what they illustrate.

For instance, the Egyptian antiquities, which are of unusual variety and interest, and especially rich in illustrations of the domestic life of that ancient people, occupy five saloons, which are not only decorated with accurate copies of Egyptian paintings, but are actually built in imitation of an Egyptian temple and its usual surroundings. There is the entrance-court, with its huge columns copied from the Temple of Carnac, and this leads into the inner court, surrounded by its pillars and decorated with the images of its gods. Then again there is an actual restoration, and not a mere copy, of a portion of the Necropolis of Memphis. For Lepsius had the audacity to carry off three tombs which are here in their new home. This will suffice to illustrate the principles upon

which this Musuem is being fitted up; and as far as it is yet completed it quite realizes a great idea.

Of Berlin itself we can say but little. Its position in a sandy desert is bad enough, but in this respect it is not much worse circumstanced than Vienna and Munich. Again, its river Spree is dirty and sluggish, but yet not much more so than the Wein; and then, on the other hand, Berlin has some very noble buildings, which are admirably grouped together, and among these are interspersed some excellent statuary: and above all there is much life—perhaps somewhat over-military—in the place, and innumerable signs of rapid growth of trade and manufacture. But yet withal Berlin is not a place which wins upon the passing tourist. It has sights to be seen, but when these lions have been “done,” why in truth one is glad to get away. There is a heaviness in the air which weighs upon the spirits, and begets a lassitude which makes sight-seeing more fatiguing than usual. Moreover, we had heavy, gloomy weather, and Berlin is certainly not a place which can afford to dispense with the advantages of sunshine. So we quitted it without much regret, and reached Hamburg in the evening in time to secure our berths in the steamer which carried us in two days to London.

And now that our ramble in Germany is over, it seems but fair to note a few of the general impressions made upon us by what we have seen.

Of course a mere passer-by cannot look below the surface, and should he pretend to do so he but deceives himself and those who listen to him. But upon this surface there are always many tokens which are not difficult to be read, and that may fairly be taken as giving some correct idea of what is going on beneath. So we venture to premise that superficial views are not of necessity unsound or inaccurate.

Every city and town of importance through which we passed confirmed the impression which the very first had made, that Germany is flourishing. Everywhere are new buildings rising; everywhere the usual marks of prosperity show themselves: the new streets and houses are of a better class, wider, larger, and better lighted; such an increase of commerce necessitates and alone makes remunerative. There is a life in the streets which cannot be misunderstood, and a look of comfort in the people themselves and their surroundings which even a tourist cannot



fail to note. And this we remarked in all parts of Germany: in Austria and in Bavaria as much as in Prussia. The old cities are not sleeping, but are up and stirring with a vigorous life, which contrasts most favourably with what we saw in Italy some years ago; and with all these signs of material prosperity, which add so much to the cheerfulness of a tour in Germany, there are not wanting the tokens of a vigorous life in the Church itself. We cannot call to mind a single city or town in which extensive restoration was not being carried on in the Cathedral or other churches. And if this is a sign which may mislead, as belonging as much to the domain of taste as of religion, why the most sceptical will allow that well-filled churches, daily Masses, frequent Benedictions, and well-attended confessionals are unmistakeable signs of a sound religious life within.

And as for the spread of the new schism which presumes to call itself Old Catholicity, we need but say that when we inquired about it at its head-quarters, Munich, and asked which were its churches, that we might be careful to avoid its ministrations, we were fairly laughed at, and told that it would require great patience and diligence to find out the one obscure edifice to which its rights were confined. Another instance this, among so many, that a noisy clique can make itself heard at a distance, and thereby gain for itself an importance which it can never attain among those who know it best at home. Another thing which we could not fail to note is the constantly increasing luxuriousness of travelling. It is not necessary to go back to the journals of such long passed times as those of Lady Wortley Montague, or Mr. Wraxall, when the route we have just passed over so easily and pleasantly was one of real danger and great bodily and mental fatigue; our own personal experience goes back quite far enough to testify to the misery of diligence travelling and the little comforts of the roadside inn. But now all this has passed away, at least upon the routes we have now been travelling, while railway trains are every year running quicker, and hotels are as rapidly growing larger and more pleasant. It is true that these increasing comforts and conveniences do not grow alone, but that the cost of travelling increases in at least equal proportion: yet with this very great but unavoidable drawback, it cannot be doubted that the traveller gains at least his money's worth by the change. And so it comes to pass that, as perhaps in the present instance,

the record of travel ceases to be a journal of terrors and grievances; and the mind and body being alike free from cares, which however trivial they may afterwards appear, are at the time really serious, are in proper condition to enjoy the many pleasures which travelling affords, and the views of the traveller are tinted with the same bright influence, and his narrative glows with a rosy colour, which witnesses at least to the thoroughness of his enjoyment, if some times at the expense of the accuracy of his criticisms.

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*Adoro Te Devote Latens Deitas.*

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TRANSLATED.

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DEVOUTLY I adore Thee, God, concealing  
Under these signs Thy glory past revealing,  
My reverent heart quite subject to Thee render,  
Lost in the vision of Thy heavenly splendour.  
Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor,  
Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master!

Sight, taste and touch are here completely failing,  
Hearing alone Thy awful Godhead hailing.  
Whate'er the Son of God hath said, believing,  
I know that truth of truths hath no deceiving.  
Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor,  
Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master!

Upon the Cross the God alone was hidden,  
But here from view the Manhood ev'n is bidden;  
Believing and confessing, my contrition,  
Like the repentant thief, lifts up petition.  
Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor  
Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master!

These wounds that Thomas saw, though not beholding,  
My God, acknowledged here, my heart's enfolding;  
Still more this truth believing and confessing  
Fill more my heart with hopes beyond expressing.  
Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor,  
Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master!

O sweet memorial of our Lord expiring,  
O living bread, with life man's bosom firing,  
Grant to my soul Thy life in its completeness,  
Make me know more and love its marvellous sweetness.

Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor,  
Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master !

True Pelican ! dear Jesus ! Lord redeeming !  
My soul unclean now cleanse with life-blood streaming,  
Of which one drop alone might yield salvation,  
To worlds on worlds beyond all words' relation.

Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor,  
Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master !

Jesus, here seen thro' veilings sacramental,  
What I so yearn for, grant, O God most gentle ;  
Grant me Thy presence, thus on earth prefigured,  
To see in heaven's own glorious light transfigured.

Hail, Jesus, hail, of faithful souls the Pastor,  
Increase our faith, benign, divinest Master !

CHARLES KENT.

### *The Defaulters of Controversy.*

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THE season at which we are now arrived is one during which, from time to time, the ugly word "defaulter" is heard in that large portion of society which is known as the "betting world." Immediately after the celebration of that peculiarly English festival which is known as the Derby Day, there follows a day of "settlement" which is to many of the spectators of the great race on Epsom Downs by no means so enjoyable a time as the afternoon of the holiday itself. We believe that by some special code of morality, which is at least clearly necessary for the maintenance of the betting system in all its glory, the "debts of honour" which are contracted by the unfortunate speculators who have betted against the victorious horse or backed his many defeated competitors, are considered as obligations of a more sacred character than any others. A man may have to stint his wife and children of their food or clothing, or leave many an honest tradesman waiting for his bill for long months or years, but he must pay his bets at once. He may owe thousands of pounds which he is unable to pay, he may take the benefit of the Bankruptcy Court and start life again as a respectable and honoured member of society; but if he fails to come up to the mark at the settling day at Tattersall's, he at once loses grade and caste, and his name becomes a by-word. He is a "defaulter"—and must be content for the rest of his existence to stand on a lower level than his neighbours, like the soldier who has run away in fight or the man who has been publicly convicted of lying.

We are, of course, far from saying that the moral turpitude of the unfortunate gamblers who do not pay their bets is at all commensurate with the social punishment which falls upon them. They have entered into a foolish and in many cases a wrong engagement, which they are unable or unwilling to fulfil. Society—as far as the betting world can lay claim to so general a name—revenges itself upon them severely, just because

severity is the only way by which the recognition of an obligation which rests on a sandy foundation can be ordinarily secured. Indeed, for all that we know, the society of which we speak may often be very indulgent to those who are at its mercy in consequence of the default in question, when there are reasons for thinking that they have done all that they can. What seems intolerable is, that they should either positively or virtually deny their obligations and repudiate debts of honour; and this is intolerable, just because the law will not enforce these obligations, the non-fulfilment of which can therefore be punished in no other way than that of social proscription. If a man can make up his mind to be "cut" by his former associates, excluded from his club, and to undergo other penalties of the like character, he may keep the money which he has lost over Camballo or Galopin in his pocket as long as he likes. He parts with the betting world, and with all who recognize the obligations of what are called the laws of honour. As far as they are concerned, he is "nidering," and an outcast, and that is all.

It has sometimes occurred to us that it would be an advantage to the cause of truth and of literary morality if there were some acknowledged system in the world of controversy by which its "defaulters," so to speak, might be visited with that kind of proscription which falls on the betting man or the gamester who does not pay his debts of honour. It is a sign that low standards of morality prevail in the region of literature, when a man who has made a charge which turns out to be false refuses to withdraw it, and takes no notice of its refutation. There are many minor faults of dishonesty to which writers, and especially controversial writers, are liable, which ought to be far more damaging to their character than the merely intellectual errors, such as the want of logic, the importation of passion and appeals to feeling into argument, the use of rhetoric where the question is one of fact, which are nevertheless frequently made the subject of just but severe criticism. Controversy, as we had lately occasion to remark, has its laws, on the observance of which depend alike the character of the controversialist and the hope of profit from his labours. These laws require, no doubt, a considerable amount of self-control, generosity, courtesy, and, above all, honesty; but these qualities are not required in a higher degree in the controversialist than in the honourable advocate or debater in Parliament. They are

but the application to a particular subject-matter of the common laws of good faith and decent behaviour. The subject-matter, indeed, of controversy, whether historical or religious, raises the obligation of these common laws to a higher level than is required in other regions, or, at least in combination with other circumstances, gives to their violation a character of greater disgrace. Anything like trickery in controversy is surely much more heinous than some of the artifices which are tolerated in a Minister answering an awkward question which it is inconvenient for the public interest that he should answer. A parliamentary tactician may manœuvre to baffle his antagonist by a "count-out," or by putting up some glib partisan to speak against time. Devices of this sort belong naturally to the game of political warfare, but are out of place in a serious investigation which has for its object, not the triumph of a party, but the elucidation and vindication of truth. If this be so, much more true is it that the historical and the scientific writer, and, above all, the disputant in religious questions, is bound to avoid even the slightest approach to unfairness, and that when he has been misled, and has helped in some measure to mislead others also, he is far more bound in honour to acknowledge his error frankly and openly than the betting man is bound to pay his gaming obligations. It is not, indeed, a question of honour alone in controversy: it is a question of justice.

One of the most famous incidents in the great disputations which were held in Rome at the beginning of the seventeenth century on the question of Grace, is the anecdote of the champion on one side being for the moment apparently convicted of quoting as the words of St. Augustine words which did not occur in the passage to which he referred. It turned out, as might have been expected, that the good father had quoted honestly from the copy which he had himself used. But there can be no doubt that if he had deliberately misquoted, or if he had refused to acknowledge his error after it had been pointed out to him, he would fully have deserved a kind of proscription and disgrace among controversialists which might be analogous to that which falls upon the "defaulter" of the betting-ring. And yet we fear it is but too true that there are many controversialists and public writers who think it no disgrace to have made mistakes of the most serious importance which they can never be induced to acknowledge. In many



cases the error committed is not only a mistaken quotation, or a statement harmless in itself, however materially erroneous. It often happens that personal charges are made, that statements are circulated which are caught up by the Press and used in debate to the serious detriment of a great cause or to the reputation of some historical character, and that when these charges are refuted and their falsehood pointed out, those who have given them circulation have neither the manliness nor the sense of justice to withdraw them.

The greatest habitual offenders of this class are to be found in the managers of that important power in modern society, the daily and weekly Press. We have not in England what exists in Germany, a "reptile" press, which is notoriously bought and managed by the Government. No English House of Commons would disgrace itself by a scene resembling that which took place a few months ago in Berlin, when Prince Bismarck was consoled for a defeat which his Ministry had suffered a few days before, by the passing amid loud acclamations of the vote for a large sum of "secret service" money to enable him to oppose "Ultramontanism," it being notorious to the whole world that the money was given and intended to be spent in bribing the Press. The English Press is managed by persons who know that it is not worth their while to accept pecuniary bribes, as a general rule, though they are not beyond the reach of bribes of a more refined character. But it is nevertheless true that the English Press is very unfair, and very tyrannical and unscrupulous in its unfairness. It is kept in order, to a certain extent, by public and social opinion, which its leaders cannot altogether despise, but mainly, perhaps, by its own divisions and rivalries. If there were no daily paper but the *Times*, it would be ten times as unscrupulous as it is, but even the *Times* cannot quite afford to throw all conscience to the winds. We fear, however, that it must be said that our leading journals habitually act on the rule of never withdrawing a charge they have made, however false it may be. "Newspaper Infallibility" is an article of their creed, and it means, practically, that what has once been said must be stuck to. There was not long ago an instance in which a certain great paper had unintentionally but flagrantly libelled a respectable gentleman. Whether the person had been mistaken for another, or whether the whole story was a fabrication, we do not remember. The libelled gentleman called on the Editor, and showed him the

most convincing proofs of the mistake which had been made and the injury which had been done. The Editor was profuse in his apologies and in his expressions of regret, but he made no offer of withdrawing the charge. He asked the injured party, What could be done? and when he received the natural answer, that the charge should, of course, be retracted with the same publicity with which it had been made, he replied that he was sorry that that was just the one thing which the interests of the paper did not allow him to do. "We can praise you up, my dear sir," he said, "but we can't eat our own words." The end of the matter was that the paper in question absolutely preferred to undergo an action for libel, to have the charge which it had made proved to be false, and to pay heavy damages, rather than insert a simple retraction of the false charge in the same conspicuous part of its columns in which it had been inadvertently inserted.

There can be no doubt that the Editor concerned in this incident spoke the truth to some extent when he alleged the interests of his paper as a reason for not retracting a grave charge, inadvertently made. But it can also hardly be questioned that the man who makes such a charge is bound in all honour and conscience to repair the injury which he has done; and we have thus before us a case in which men, in an official and quasi-public capacity, disregard those laws of honour and conscience which they would feel bound to observe in other cases. The same principle, we fear, would justify any act of scoundrelism whatever. But the main reason why the managers of great newspapers will not retract their mistakes, may be more truly stated in words which contradict the allegation of the interests of their organs. It is not that they cannot afford to retract, but that they can afford not to retract. No one would think the worse of them for acknowledging that they had been misinformed: they would gain more on the score of a reputation for honesty than they would lose on the score of a reputation for accuracy. But, on the other hand, if they choose to stick to their misrepresentation, in nine cases out of ten little harm, here and now, can be done them. Even if their victims go the length of a public prosecution, and carry a court of justice with them, the refutation of the libel is never so widely known as the libel itself. But cases which admit of this extreme remedy are comparatively rare. In the great majority of cases the misstatement admits of disproof, and no more: it is not of a kind

to be brought into court, or there are many external reasons why it should not be. So the big bully who has maligned his neighbour or made some gross historical blunder in one of his "dashing" articles, can afford to ignore all the remonstrances and arguments which are addressed to him. The other side may do their worst in their own papers or publications. He is sure of his own audience, and can be quite secure that they will never read the papers and publications of the other side.

It would be well indeed if we had not sometimes to complain of conduct like that of the "big bully" just now mentioned, on the part of persons or organs to whom the honour of literature ought to be very dear, or who ought to have very much at heart the interests of truth and justice. It is not only the great papers that have a virtual monopoly of their audiences. The same thing may be said, as will be seen, in other instances which we shall have to allege before the conclusion of this paper. It may be well, however, to observe, in the first place, that in proportion to the accidental predominance over any adversary which the position of a particular writer, or of the body for which he writes, may confer upon him, is the strictness of the moral obligation on him to be perfectly and even chivalrously fair. An Anglican writer, for example, who attacks the Catholic Church in this country, stands on a vantage-ground over the body which he is attacking, as far as his audience is concerned, which may be compared to that of a Frenchman in France who writes against Germany, or a German at Berlin who writes against Ultramontanism. All the more, on grounds of morality and honour, ought such a writer to be careful rather than reckless in his charges, measured in his language, frank and honest in representing the case of his adversaries and in acknowledging any mistakes into which he may himself have fallen. It is particularly discreditable for such persons to shelter themselves by the external and accidental advantages which their position gives them. It may be in their power practically to prevent the community to whom they address themselves from coming to any further knowledge of what is said in answer to them than what is furnished by themselves, and they are thus exactly in the position of the newspaper editor who knows that his own misrepresentations can never be contradicted except by himself. The controversialist who thus allows his own party, so to speak, to be misled by his own uncorrected statement, does not fight for truth.

We fear, as has already been said, that examples are not wanting of an indifference to the rules of fairness in controversy, especially in the matter of the correction of misrepresentations, which are anything but encouraging. We should have thought, for instance, that it would long ere this have been made a point of honour by the influential party among the Anglicans who follow the lead of Dr. Pusey and Dr. Liddon, that the pledges given some time ago by the first-named writer in reference to the controversy raised by his *Eirenicon*, should not have remained unredeemed. It may be said that the *Eirenicon* is dead and gone, or at best lives on only as a magazine from which any anti-Catholic controversialist may arm himself freely. But that is not exactly the question as to Dr. Pusey and his friends. A very large part of the influence in an anti-Catholic direction of that unfortunate book, was due to the appearance of erudition, and even of familiarity with theology, by which it imposed itself upon its readers. It rested in very great measure upon Dr. Pusey's reputation for intelligence as to the subjects on which he wrote and for accuracy in representing the authorities which he quoted. We are not under any necessity of prejudging the question which was raised by Father Harper in *Peace through the Truth* as to these very points, for the importance of his criticisms was acknowledged by Dr. Pusey himself, who more than once promised that he would deal with the matter, going so far as to request "patience," because he intended to "pay all," and then to announce that his strictures were "in the press." This is now several years ago, and the pledge, as we say, remains unredeemed. Dr. Pusey will probably never again write a controversial work; but he leaves the arena of the conflict between the Church and Anglicanism with a promise which he has never had the grace to fulfil. The natural inference is that he cannot fulfil it; but if this be so, why not make the fair acknowledgment that he finds his critic, in some points at least, unanswerable, and that he consequently withdraws the statements which have been pointed out as erroneous? If, on the other hand, there is an answer which can be made to the very serious criticisms which his *Eirenicon* has provoked, why do we not have it? Dr. Pusey is not a knight-errant in the controversial field; he is the leader of an army. If health or weariness or any other cause make it inconvenient for him to write, there are surely young lances enough among the Anglicans who would be ready and eager to run a course to

redeem their leader's gage of battle. At present, Dr. Pusey must be ranked as a "defaulter" in controversy.

The extreme tenderness with which it has always been our rule to regard the name of Catholic, even when borne without any conspicuous dutifulness, makes us very reluctant to name the next on our list of recent controversialists who appear to us to have incurred "debts of honour," or rather, moral obligations, which have not yet been discharged. Not many weeks ago the telegrams informed us that Prince Bismarck, or one of his subordinates, had been quoting the oft-refuted misrepresentations as to the mission of Ridolfi which were set in circulation in the *Times* newspaper by a letter printed in that journal on the morning after the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees. We cannot doubt that it must have been with considerable pain that the author of that letter saw the telegram to which we refer, which would inform him that statements of his, which he can hardly now believe to be true, are being used by the enemies of the Church as if they were true. It may be said, no doubt, that *littera scripta manet*, and that no power on earth can prevent Prince Bismarck, or any one else, from using unscrupulously, even against the wish of the author, any statement that he finds in circulation. But does not the very fact, that such a use has been made of these particular statements, after their refutation, show that their refutation ought to have been acknowledged?

Our last instance shall be a writer with whom, if he wrote in his own name and on his own account, we should find some difficulty in dealing as a serious controversialist. The epithets which naturally rise to the lips as we think of the jaunty assurance of the late articles in the *Quarterly* on the Jesuits and their doctrines, may just as well remain unwritten. The Jesuits have had the fortune to draw upon themselves attacks from a great number of writers, from Pascal to Gioberti and Theiner, and we are very far from saying that many of these writers have not been learned men, and brilliant men into the bargain. Most of them, though not all, have known something of what they were attacking, for they have been at least Catholics, and sometimes they have had experience of ecclesiastical, theological, and even religious training. It seems to have been reserved for the Editor of the *Quarterly Review* to pick out a man to write about the Jesuits who would rival Theiner in dulness or Pascal in unfairness, without possessing the slightest

share of the learning of the one or the grace and pungency of the other. We think he speaks somewhere of having devoted many months to the study of authorities for his articles, and we can readily believe it. He is one of those men who if they were to study for themselves for twenty years would never have a greater intelligence of their subject than when they began, whereas, if they could once so far lay aside their self-sufficiency as to study for six months the same subject under a competent guide, they have quite capacity enough to understand it quite well enough to avoid the preposterous blunders to which they commit themselves. There are two essential conditions for success in the study of any complicated and elaborate system, whether it be an institution, or a code of laws, or a system of doctrine of daily practical use. The first of these conditions is a good teacher, or a practical acquaintance with persons to whom the system is familiar, and the second is a sufficient amount of common sense, and ordinary humility and freedom from prejudice, on the part of the person in search of information, to make him feel and avoid the folly and conceit of persuading himself that he can understand it all by his own unassisted lights.

The writer, therefore, in the *Quarterly Review* to whom we refer, and whom we have been at the pains of refuting at considerable detail in past numbers of this Review, is hardly of sufficient calibre to be expected in any case to fulfil that law of honourable retractation which we have been insisting on as incumbent, in certain circumstances, upon controversialists worthy of the name. His only title to consideration has been that he has occupied for two successive numbers a portion of the sheets of our first English Review. It does not the less remain true that a gross and elaborate libel on an unpopular body has been put before the public with all the authority which belongs to the periodical in question, and that it has been sufficiently refuted to lay upon its authors the strict moral obligation either to withdraw it or to defend it.



## *Mr. Mill on the Utility of Religion.*

### PART THE SECOND.

MR. MILL, towards the beginning of his Essay, inquires :

What does religion do for society and what for the individual ?<sup>1</sup>

He says :

The first question is interesting to everybody ; the latter only to the best.

When he has answered the first question in the way that has been reviewed in the preceding part of this article, he dismisses the matter thus :

We may now have done with this branch of the subject, which is, after all, the vulgarest part of it.<sup>2</sup>

Accordingly he leaves the vulgar, and goes his way to examine the workings of religion upon "nobler spirits" and "the best of mankind."

I notice these phrases, because they are incidental revelations of the secret contempt which the author entertained for the mass of human beings, whose claim to regard he was perpetually putting forward, even to the neglect of God. Not everybody, but only "the best," he thought had any interest in what was done for the individual man. Other men, besides "the best," had no individuality. The subject of their interests was vulgar. Mr. Mill was concerned for mankind much as Louis the Fourteenth was concerned about the State. We philosophers, he virtually said, are mankind. This was the frame of mind brought about in him by an abnormal and unnatural philanthropy, founded upon a philosophy which dealt only with half of man. He saw in man, only the unwinged

<sup>1</sup> *Nature, the Utility of Religion, and Theism.* By John Stuart Mill. Second Edition, p. 77.

<sup>2</sup> P. 95.

featherless biped, described in the treatises of Professor Bain. He had no appreciation of the soul. And consequently he had no appreciation of the individual. For the value of the individual springs from the fact that he has a soul, which is to live for ever. The temporal concerns of an empire, so far forth as they are merely temporal, are a trifle compared to the importance of the salvation of a beggar's soul. And therefore not a pauper, not a single child in the gutter, but is an object of unspeakable care, when viewed with eyes enlightened by Christianity. But to a Positivist philosopher a beggar is a contemptible object indeed. A copy of Mill's *Logic* is a far nobler production.

Enough however of these casual expressions. The matter of Mr. Mill's *Essay*, in its second part, is directed to prove that the good which divine religion does to individuals is either something superfluous and undesirable, or it is a good which might be obtained in other ways, without any belief in God. Before however undertaking this argument, he has yet a word to put in about the connexion between theism and the morality of society. He acknowledges it to be matter of history that mankind in general have received their morals, their laws, all in short that tends either to guide or discipline them, originally as revelations from on high. He admits, moreover, that they could not easily have been induced to accept them otherwise. But now that morality has been drawn down from heaven to earth, he sees no difficulty in keeping it here, without further reference to the place whence it was derived. He regards the worship of God as a sort of scaffolding, upon which the arch of order and civilization was built by slow labour among our barbarous ancestors, and now, in this cultivated era, the edifice is complete and secure enough to stand without support. Modern statesmen are too rigidly conscientious to require that instruction about serving the Lord in fear, which propped the frail virtue of St. Louis. Modern millionaires are so good to the poor, that it would be a pity to frighten them with the story of the Rich Man and Lazarus. Modern women of fashion have so recovered from the effects of the Fall, that they need have no recourse to Mary Immaculate, nor to the *hostia salutaris virgineo fragans odore*, which is said to have nourished even the temporal life of St. Catharine of Siena. As Mr. Mill remarks, speaking of the morality of the Gospel :

This benefit, whatever it amounts to, has been gained. Mankind have entered into possession of it. It has become the property of humanity, and cannot now be lost by anything short of a return to primæval barbarism.<sup>3</sup>

It is pleasant to be told that the moral law is now written so deep upon the public conscience, that nothing short of a new irruption of Goths and Vandals can efface it. But the announcement does seem a little premature. Mankind cannot have entered into very certain possession of the Sermon on the Mount, for instance, so long as the police reports figure as they do in our newspapers. Christ's teaching has become our property as it also became that of the inhabitants of Corozain and Bethsaida: yet He said that it should go easier with the Tyrians and Sidonians than with them at the last day. And as for barbarians, when we think of our Black Country and of our Potteries, and our "kickings," and our drunkards, we find that it is not an invasion of Goths and Vandals that we have to dread; the barbarians are already in our midst; it is we that are becoming barbarian, because we are ceasing to be Christian. On the whole, after a very cursory view of the weaknesses of our age, it appears that the support, which was confessedly necessary to our fathers, is still indispensable for us. We shall do well to petition the heirs of Mr. Mill that we may be permitted to retain the crutches, on which our fathers hobbled along, as they thought, to heaven; and that Christianity be not abolished until such time as the world is better grounded in all Christian virtues.

Mr. Mill has discovered this serious inconvenience about theistic morality, that it makes right and wrong as unchangeable as God Himself. He complains:

Wherever morality is supposed to be of supernatural origin, morality is stereotyped.<sup>4</sup>

The inconvenience is not perhaps obvious. But Mr. Mill makes a revelation both of it and of himself, declaring his "firm belief," that some of the moral precepts of Christianity have been "erroneous from the first," others are "not properly limited and guarded in the expression," others are "no longer suited to the changes that have taken place in human relations." As the author does not specify instances, we can only conjecture to what he refers. And a general answer only can be given,

<sup>3</sup> P. 98.

<sup>4</sup> P. 99.

to the following effect. Moral precepts are either axioms or applications. The axioms are indeed unchangeable as God Himself. May men ever own them to be so! But the applications vary with the variations of circumstances. For a rule in these applications, all men have their own consciences, all Christians have the Bible, Catholics have also the voice of the Church. The Church does not, indeed, positively lay down the law for every case that occurs: that would be a sheer impossibility. But her theologians pronounce their opinions; and if they broach any grave and dangerous error, she corrects them. Thus her children can safely follow authorities who are subjected to this check. Bible Christians are somewhat at a disadvantage here. They have to accomplish for their own fallible selves the often difficult task of applying the Gospel precepts to the circumstances of modern life. Still the Bible is a rule, and a safe one, if they only know how to use it. But those who are not Christians have no external rule whatever: they depend on the inner monitor of conscience alone. It is true that every man ultimately depends upon conscience. But it is one thing to have an authority without as well as a conscience within, and another thing to have no guide whatever except conscience. Kings in the middle ages, when they went into battle, arrayed a number of their knights in royal robes, that their own persons might not be a mark to the enemy. And in the battle that is fought within every human breast, many an impostor stalks about in the guise of conscience. The more critical the struggle, the more these false consciences multiply. A Catholic in this perplexity invokes the voice of the Church, speaking through his confessor. At that sound, the disguise of the impostors falls off, and the true conscience stands plainly recognizable. A Protestant in similar straits searches the Scriptures, and haply he will encounter some text that will enlighten his eyes. But where is an unbeliever to turn? Six consciences are within him. Surely he is in imminent danger of forsaking the moral law, and following his passions.

Besides the stereotyping of morality, Mr. Mill alleges two other ill effects of supernatural religion. In the first place, it renders an individual selfish.

The religions which deal in promises and threats regarding a future life, . . . fasten down the thoughts to the person's own posthumous interests; they tempt him to regard the performance of his duties

to others mainly as a means to his own personal salvation ; and are one of the most serious obstacles to the great purpose of moral culture, the strengthening of the unselfish and weakening of the selfish element in our nature ; since they hold out to the imagination selfish good and evil of such tremendous magnitude, that it is difficult for any one who fully believes in their reality, to have feeling or interest to spare for any other distant and ideal object.<sup>5</sup>

This passage is written under a misconception of the word *selfishness*. It is not a selfish thing to consult our own good ; otherwise half our day would be selfishly spent : sleep, meals, study, exercise, all our efforts to preserve a sound mind in a sound body, would be so many disgraceful exhibitions of selfishness. A man is then only selfish, when he seeks his own pleasure, comfort, or advantage, to the neglect of the reasonable claims of his neighbour. Short of this injustice, a judicious care of self is rather likely to render him attentive than otherwise to the requirements of his fellows. A parent who hardly ever spends a private hour in the cultivation of his own mind, is not the man to be very zealous for his son's progress in learning. Mr. Mill seems here to suppose, what formerly<sup>6</sup> he called in question, namely, that the prospect of future retribution is an incentive to virtue. Will not, then, an individual who has such an incentive for himself, desire all the more earnestly to render other persons virtuous ? To one who is working out with fear and trembling his own salvation, the salvation of his neighbour is no "distant and ideal object : " it is an enterprize with which he has the closest and most cordial sympathy. Even the rich glutton, when he came to be buried in hell, was anxious about his five brothers, that they should not come to that place of torment. A devout believer entertains a more timely anxiety while yet on earth, to save his friends from the wrath to come.

The second of the two charges is far more serious. Theism in its most perfect form supposes, says Mr. Mill, "a certain torpidity, if not positive twist in the intellectual faculties."<sup>7</sup> The torpidity or twist ensues from the effort to believe that God is good and almighty, notwithstanding all the evil that is rife in the world. On this subject Mr. Mill raves like a demoniac. He repeats, in fact, his *Essay on Nature*, to which an answer has already appeared.<sup>8</sup> Suffice it here to add an

<sup>5</sup> Pp. 110, 111.

<sup>6</sup> P. 90.

<sup>7</sup> P. 112.

<sup>8</sup> In the MONTH, for January, 1875, see p. 59.

illustration, and a few remarks. If one man frequently meets with another, and never a word passes between them, it is not improbable that an antipathy will arise. The probability is greater, if the dispositions of the two men are unlike. Sometimes, in travelling, a stranger will cross our path repeatedly in this way, until he becomes positively odious without any further provocation. Very likely, if we made up to him, we should find him a very agreeable person. And, speaking generally, we may say that the greater number of quarrels spring from the mutual ignorance of the parties. The very name *misunderstanding* connotes this. Mr. Mill unfortunately had a misunderstanding with his Creator, the misunderstanding of course arising wholly on his, the creature's, side. God's ways, are confessedly not like our ways; yet He is a Being with Whom we are confronted at every turn. He speaks to us, but if we do not answer, what wonder if we do not understand Him. Then our mind falls to work, putting together evil interpretations and rash judgments, the baseless fabric of a vision, which nevertheless we mistake for fact, because we will not use the means to gain experience of God, as He really is. I should advise any person who is tempted like Mr. Mill to blaspheme because he cannot account for Almighty Goodness permitting evil, to put a truce to his philosophy for one short hour, and spend that time in reciting and reflecting upon the Lord's Prayer. It is with God as with men: an hour in His conversation tells us more about Him than six months spent in elaborating His character within the depths of our own inner consciousness.

Much fatal error in this matter arises from a vain curiosity about what we do not know and cannot know. We take a map, look at India, China, or the Malay Archipelago, and wonder, where the souls of the heathen populations of those parts go after death. We take a history, and wonder again why Herodotus and Plato were not forewarned of the coming of the Messias. Then we pass sentence, consigning Hindoos, Chinese, Malays, and ancient Greeks, to everlasting fire. Lastly, we turn round upon our Creator, and question His justice. He might reply, if He deigned to answer our presumption, by bidding us let alone those distant nations and consider ourselves. Has not God, whatever He may have been to others, been at least very good to us? When has He not treated us better than we deserved? If then, in the only case in which



we possess any adequate knowledge of the circumstances, God is justified when He is judged, why condemn Him in other cases? Why, in defiance of all the rules of logic, go arguing from the unknown to the known, and not rather from the known to the unknown? Who on earth knows what becomes of the Malays after death? There is an unanswerable dilemma which may be proposed to a presumptuous speculator on this question. If, on the one hand, those poor people cannot help breaking the Ten Commandments, as many say they cannot, for want of better knowledge, then, depend upon it, they do not go to hell. If on the other hand they do go to hell, they go there for doing that which they well knew was wicked, and which they were well able to refrain from doing. Either way, the justice of the Most High is above reproach.

It is important in reading Mr. Mill's complaints about the divine permission of evil, to bear in mind that he does not recognize free-will, and that consequently all vice is in his view the necessary result of antecedent conditions—an hypothesis manifestly incompatible with the being of a good and almighty Creator.

Mr. Mill pronounces a pretty little panegyric on Manicheism, a creed which he says was "devoutly held by at least one cultivated and conscientious person of our own day," meaning his father. In this creed, the devil, or a brute principle of evil which we may call the devil, is exalted to divine honours, rivaling and curtailng the power of the good God. The advantage of such a belief is set forth to be, that—

A virtuous human being assumes in this theory the exalted character of a fellow-labourer with the Highest [?], a fellow-combatant in the great strife, contributing his little, which by the aggregation of many like himself becomes much, towards that progressive ascendancy, and ultimately complete triumph of good over evil, which history points to, and which this doctrine teaches us to regard as planned by the Being to whom we owe all the benevolent contrivance we behold in nature (pp. 116, 117).

If Mr. Mill had ever read in St. Ignatius' *Spiritual Exercises* the "Meditation on Two Standards, the one of Christ our Lord, the other of Lucifer, the arch-enemy of the human race," he would have seen that this idea of a combat between good and evil, was not wanting in a Christian mind. The difference is that the Christian looks upon the devil as a twice vanquished

rebel, to be overcome yet a third time and for ever by the breath of his Lord's mouth; the Manichean respects him as an independent sovereign, a prince in his own right, invading the territory of another, not without some likelihood of success. I am not sure that history, apart from theology, does point to an "ultimately complete triumph of good over evil." However that triumph may be "planned" by the Being to whom we owe all benevolent contrivances, what good will come of His planning and contriving, if His power runs short?

The last and most interesting portion of Mr. Mill's Essay is taken up with a comparison between Theism and what he calls the Religion of Humanity, as to their respective capabilities of ennobling the human character. He quotes Cicero *De Officiis* to prove how devoted the Romans were towards Rome, and recommends a similar devotion of men towards mankind as a substitute for the worship of God.

That any man with the smallest pretensions to virtue could hesitate to sacrifice life, reputation, family, everything valuable to him, to the love of country, is a supposition which this eminent interpreter of Greek and Roman morality cannot entertain for a moment (p. 108).

Cicero perhaps was loath to entertain the supposition, but he had daily before his eyes the fact of Romans of high credit sacrificing their country to a party intrigue. The patriotism of the *De Officiis* is a paper patriotism, the reverie of a man who had slunk away to his studio in disgust and despair at the meanness and brutality of practical life; and Mr. Mill's philanthropy is another such paper scheme. There was a time when the old Romans did love their country supremely, that was so long as they sincerely worshipped the gods of Rome. In Cicero's day piety and patriotism had fallen together into abeyance.

I have to find fault with the very name Religion of Humanity. Mr. Mill is not exactly the man from whom we should have expected a definition of religion. But he ventures upon one as follows—

The essence of religion is the strong and earnest direction of the emotions and desires towards an ideal object, recognized as of the highest excellence, and as rightfully paramount over all selfish objects of desire (p. 109).

At this rate, Dr. Livingstone's zeal for geographical discovery might have been called his religion, an imputation which the

explorer, who died upon his knees, would have rejected with indignation. Religion supposes adoration, prayer, and sacrifice. It involves in man the external expression of utter and unlimited dependence. Auguste Comte, who had been born a Catholic, knew this, and accordingly he would have had priests ordained, and festivals instituted, and solemn rites performed, in honour of his god, the *grand être*, Mankind. Mr. Mill, with an Englishman's sense of the ludicrous, strikes this mummery out of Comte's system. But then he should not have called what remained of it a religion, nor invented a definition of the name, against all former usage. If a yearning to adore is natural to the human heart, the absurd Comtist ritual is a decided loss to Humanitarianism.

They were however borrowed plumes which Mr. Mill tore away. There is no real religion without a superhuman object. Man is not satisfied with himself, he looks above him, and there he places God. Mr. Mill insinuates this tendency in a passage of mournful beauty.

Human existence is girt round with mystery; the narrow region of our experience is a small island in the midst of a boundless sea, which at once awes our feelings and stimulates our imagination by its vastness and its obscurity. To add to the mystery, the domain of our earthly existence is not only an island in infinite space, but also in infinite time. The past and the future are alike shrouded from us; we neither know the origin of anything which is, nor its final destination. If we feel deeply interested in knowing that there are myriads of worlds at an immeasurable, and to our faculties inconceivable, distance from us in space; if we are eager to discover what little we can about these worlds, and when we cannot know what they are, can never satiate ourselves with speculating on what they may be; is it not a matter of far deeper interest for us to learn, or even to conjecture, from whence came this nearer world which we inhabit, what cause or agency made it what it is, and on what powers depend its future fate? Who would not desire this more ardently than any other conceivable knowledge, so long as there appeared the slightest hope of attaining it? What would not one give for any credible tidings from that mysterious region, any glimpse into it which might enable us to see the smallest light through its darkness, especially any theory of it which we could believe, and which represented it as tenanted by a benignant and not a hostile influence? (pp. 102, 103).

Here is the cry of a forlorn soul, the utterance of a hopeless blind yearning after the unknown God. How does Mr. Mill endeavour to appease this demand? He proposes that we do

our best to render this world a more enjoyable place, in order that we may think less of anything beyond. He would have us be solicitous not merely for our own short term of years, but likewise for the endless generations that are to come after us. Let us be unselfish, and rest content in the pleasing thought that though we perish, posterity remains. After all, life is long enough for most people. We want no prospect of heaven; the Greeks practically had none, and yet they lived pleasantly. The Buddhist's highest aim, the capital prize to be won by the mightiest efforts of labour and self-denial, is annihilation. The idea is not really or naturally terrible. Mr. Mill concludes—

It seems to me not only possible but probable that in a higher, and above all, a happier condition of human life, not annihilation but immortality may be the burdensome idea; and that human nature, though pleased with the present, and by no means impatient to quit it, would find comfort and not sadness in the thought that it is not chained through eternity to a conscious existence, which it cannot be assured that it will always wish to preserve (p. 122).

From this we may gather an idea of the happiness in store for us under the new *régime*, when we shall live in the hope that some day we may be thoroughly extinguished. But even though annihilation were a thing to be hoped for, still it cannot be reckoned upon with certainty. Men are generally inclined to expect the reverse. Among the Greeks, who were not quite so light-hearted as they looked, whose poetry indeed is one long wail, increasing in plaintiveness from Homer downwards, very ugly stories were current about pains and penalties reserved for sinners after death. Mr. Mill himself was far from certainty on the point. "Human existence," he writes, "is girt round with mystery." Nevertheless, he assumes that the beginning and end of man are perfectly clear. No God, no future life, such are the dogmatic foundations of his Religion of Humanity.

If our perishing were an essential requisite for the permanence of our posterity, if we could not prolong our existence in another world, and thence look down upon our grandchildren, there would be a little more reason in Mr. Mill's declamation about selfishness. He speaks as though it were impossible for us to be interested in the state of this world after our death, so long as we expected ourselves to survive. Exactly the contrary supposition is the foundation of the Catholic doctrine of the invocation of saints. As we expect the saints in their

glory to be mindful of us, so we in our labours are concerned for the generations to come. No one takes a deeper interest in the future of the world than a good Christian. In that future he anticipates the triumph of the cause for which he fights; and he fights with all the more ardour, and looks forward with the more pleasure, because he trusts that with his own eyes he shall behold his Master's kingdom established, in the day when there shall be a new heaven and a new earth. Mr. Mill, on the other hand, by way of fixing our thoughts and sympathies upon the perpetuity and prosperity of our race, exhibits a gulf of nothingness opening to swallow up our individual being. So he expects that, like Hector at bay under the walls of Troy, we shall be fain to regard posterity, exclaiming with that forlorn hero—

Let me not perish inglorious, dangling my weapon idle,  
But with some deed prodigious, the tale of succeeding ages.

Why however drive every living man to despair for the benefit of generations yet unborn?

To arrive at a just estimate of the so-called Religion of Humanity, we need to consider not the good which it promises to do, for that can be done at least as well by Christianity, but the good which it cannot fail to undo. The special feature in the scheme is its destructiveness. The good here in question is the elevation and ennobling of man's nature. That is brought about by the practice of the moral virtues. We have heard it said that now Christianity is on its trial. Let us imagine the Church of Christ to be asked by her judges, as her Founder was by Pilate, "What hast thou done?" Many are the answers that she might return in her own defence, but this one might stand for many, "I have made men pure." To have done that is truly to have ennobled them. The Church has done it in two ways, by laying down the law of purity, and by providing mankind with a high object to love. The precept of purity belongs to the natural law, which is written in men's hearts. But passion blurs the writing, making it illegible. No portion of it suffers so much disfigurement as this, which is opposed to the most violent of the passions. There is scarcely any abomination of uncleanness that has not been perpetrated with the feigned approval of conscience, and even under the guise of religion. The noblest of philosophers have pandered to this iniquity. In corrupt ages and among depraved nations it has been legalized and commended by public opinion. But one

authority has perseveringly stood forth, lifting up her voice like a trumpet, to declare to the people their sin. The Church, the infallible exponent of moral obligations, has taken care that the obligation of purity should not be erased in any of its details from the conscience of mankind. She has ever promulgated the law, and though often violated, it remains clear, calling on transgressors to repent, and on the innocent to be heedful—the safeguard of the honour of our race. But mere prohibition will not suffice in this matter. It is vain to forbid unwholesome food, when no other is at hand. To love is almost as much of a necessity of our nature as to eat. Whoever will be pure must find a lawful object for his love. The Church has provided such an object. She has revealed God united to man by the Incarnation. Thenceforth it has been possible to love God as One like unto us, even as one human being loves another. The love of God Incarnate has become the archetype of all well-ordered love amongst mankind. Every man is now a figure of Him, and is loveable and honourable for His sake. The love between man and woman in Christian matrimony symbolizes the union of Christ with His Church, and so becomes a sacrament, or sacred sign conferring grace. Before Him and in His might the Christian youth of both sexes grow up in holiness, unparalleled elsewhere. He alone has been served by a virgin priesthood, and has been to thousands their first and their only love.

The Religion of Humanity would cancel the authority of the Church of Christ, and let men determine for themselves the extent and force of the obligation of purity. It would pay no more love to the person of Christ than to those of Socrates, Howard, Washington, or Antoninus, names which Mr. Mill mentions in the same breath with His.<sup>9</sup> Hereby we may judge of the utility of this religion for ennobling the character of man.

J. R.

<sup>9</sup> P. 109.



### *The Greville Memoirs.*<sup>1</sup>

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THE Editor of these Memoirs has done his task well from a literary point of view, and this we fear will be the sole eulogium we can conscientiously bestow on his work. He has printed Mr. Greville's Memoirs almost without note or comment, and what few notes he has inserted are usually accurate and to the point. Here our praise ceases. Mr. Reeve has himself raised the question of the expediency of publishing them at all at the present time, not only by doing so, but by the broad statement that in his estimation the lapse of ten years since Mr. Greville's death, added to that of nearly forty since the end of the period (from 1818 to 1837) over which they range, "is long enough to remove any reasonable objection to the publication of a contemporary record of events" like those contained in these pages. We are distinctly of an opposite opinion. We regard the publication of a great number of most scandalous and damaging particulars, whether true or false, concerning the fathers and mothers, and other near relations of persons who are still alive, and have no adequate means of refuting or qualifying such statements, as a very abominable liberty or licence taken, but not given by any one concerned, and a precedent as dangerous as it is we fear, significant of a growing evil. No doubt "memoirs" are a legitimate and most important branch of literature, and we confess that we are of that large class who find a peculiar interest in them. We take it that their interest lies in this, that whereas "history" deals with a much wider and therefore more general class of facts, biography in its very idea puts before us the partial and the concrete, rather than the general and abstract, and as our own experience is necessarily of this kind, there is an affinity between

<sup>1</sup> *The Greville Memoirs.* A Journal of the Reigns of King George the Fourth and King William the Fourth. By the late Charles C. T. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council to those Sovereigns. Edited by Henry Reeve, Registrar of the Privy Council. In 3 vols. London: Longmans, 1875.

most minds and the memoirs which thus present to us the lively portraiture of "men with like passions with ourselves," as they lived and moved and spoke, provided always that the persons so presented to us had sufficient individuality or importance, either intrinsic or extrinsic, to merit such a record as memoirs afford; but we think that this appetite requires as much restraint and education as any other mental habit or tendency, and just as we protest against the vulgar and impertinent curiosity which obtrudes itself into the presence of any living celebrity, and (to use an expression as vulgar as the practice which it designates) "interviews" great or celebrated people in order to earn the money and the applause of common minds by prating of their looks and words and carriage, so we object to being brought surreptitiously up the back stairs, and hid in cupboards to watch the doings of great people departed, and catch them tripping while we peep through the keyhole.

If the late Mr. Greville thought it either dignified or becoming to pump George the Fourth's servants and ascertain the peculiarities which he so industriously gathered and wrote down in his journal as to the number of hunting-breeches which he ordered and kept by him, and the like, that is altogether the affair of Mr. Greville; but we regard the publication of such gossip as either an insult to the reading public or an estimate of its taste, which, if just, is most humiliating. To have stopped however at such vulgar twaddle and servants'-hall gossip, would have been, to our ideas, infinitely preferable than to have gone on, as the writer of these Memoirs did, to ferret out, or use the opportunities which were given him by the misplaced confidence of successive sovereigns, to note and then to denounce their private foibles and vices. This is a different and far graver offence. We cannot willingly suppose that Mr. Greville could have meant these attacks to have been published at all: but what are we to say of the person who does so prematurely, and while the nearest relations of those so maligned are yet here, to be pained, and humiliated, and scandalized by such an exhibition! No doubt it is inevitable as it is just that the lives of great personages should be scrutinized even while they live, and much more after their death, in a degree to which private persons are not and cannot be subjected. But the laws of honour and of charity bind us, to say the very least, quite as much in regard to princes as to others; nay, we Catholics have an old-fashioned

way of thinking it not right at all to speak evil of the rulers of our people, and we are shocked to hear Kings called "old fools" and "mountebanks" by those who, as their servants as well as their subjects, were bound to give them at the least an outward homage, and not to prate of weaknesses which they knew of only in virtue of the trust implicitly reposed in them. Thus much we will say on these Memoirs in their general aspect: our object in reviewing them is a more special one; it is to look on them from the point of view of religion, and perhaps in so doing we shall find occasion to give valid reasons for passing a less ruthless, not to say malignant, sentence on the chief personages, royal and otherwise distinguished, who figure to disadvantageously in these pages.

The first reflexion that occurs to us on reading these Memoirs is of a negative kind. They present to us a sufficiently minute and very graphic picture of the life political, and social-political, so to call it, of an epoch much of which even middle-aged people can recall, and there is in the whole picture, with the slender and adventitious exceptions of which we shall speak presently, a total absence of the religious idea. Mr. Greville discourses of most things that interest us in the political and social life of a nation: the period was one of great change: events of immense moment, not only for this country, but for the whole modern civilized world, had been succeeding each other with the greatest *éclat* and an exciting rapidity, for the space of a generation (1789 to 1819) when Mr. Greville began his journal. Those of whom he writes and with whom he lived had in their own persons seen and experienced two different states of society—the pre-revolutionary and the post-revolutionary. The remains of the older condition of things were still palpitating, and encumbering the ground which was only mapped out as yet for the erection of new institutions. Napoleon the First, the child of the Revolution and its perpetuation, more than any one man, to the present hour, was lingering on his southern, sea-bound rock-prison, and the earth was still reeking with the blood of armies, while in this country a period of political change, which amounted to revolution, was setting in with no slight menaces of civil convulsions because the exigencies of national defence alone had deferred changes as urgently required as they were eagerly pursued on the one side and obstinately resisted on the other; and yet the whole origin and course and end of the public events of

that time, so far as these Memoirs record them, appear not even tinged with any appreciable colour of the greatest of all moral agents in this world—the idea of religion.

And this is all the more remarkable because one of the greatest political measure of the time (not to say *the* greatest) found its subject-matter in the religious question: we mean of course the measure of Catholic Emancipation. We think we are not exaggerating when we say that in the whole handling of this question from first to last by the public men whose intimate associate here records it, there is only one instance given of any of these personages looking on the question as one of conscience. Neither the Duke of Wellington nor Sir Robert Peel, nor Mr. Canning, nor Lord Liverpool, nor Lord Harrowby, nor any other public men appear ever to advert to the religious view of the question, and this makes the exception all the more remarkable. The exception was the King. Certainly we have no intention to become the apologists of King George the Fourth, the best abused of all sovereigns; it is certain that he gave many occasions for censure, but the fact nevertheless remains that he had great conscientious scruples owing to the stringent terms of the abominable coronation oath, which to this hour disgraces our statute-book, by which he had bound himself to maintain in its integrity the Protestant establishment, and to resist "Popery" to the utmost. It is easy enough to inveigh against one who, like the King, had violated many and sacred obligations with little apparent difficulty, and to say that he was grossly inconsistent in holding to this which was far less important; but who, we should like to know, is the judge of another man's conscience?

Mr. Greville, who never has a good word for the sovereign who, on his own showing, was always a gracious and amiable master to him, is never tired of recording his condemnation of the King's scruples, and in his very eagerness to run him down gives us ground for believing that the King was sincerely convinced that it was his duty to resist. He quotes the Duke of Wellington to the effect that the King cared not "one farthing about the Catholic question," and adds, "His conduct is entirely influenced by selfish considerations, and he neither knows nor cares what measures the exigencies of the country demand."<sup>2</sup> If this was so, how comes it that, as Mr. Greville

<sup>2</sup> Vol. i. p. 101.

tells us, the utmost pressure put upon him by the Canning Administration, and by the Duke and Sir Robert Peel when they at length obtained the royal assent to their Bill, was barely able to wring it from George the Fourth after hesitations and conferences which quite embittered his life? Mr. Greville does not say so, but we have heard it on very good authority indeed, that the Duke and Peel were closeted for hours with the King before they obtained the sign manual to the Bill. They were so afraid that he would elude their representations that they would not allow any one to enter the room, and when the fire went out and the King rang, the Duke went to the door, took the firewood, &c., from the page, and lit the fire with his own hands twice. Finally the King signed, but only with the initials "G.R.," and threw down the pen exclaiming that it was against his oath, and he was risking his soul.

As we have said, it is not, from the religious point of view, so difficult to understand the inconsistency of the King's conduct. Who is there who can boast that his whole conduct, as dictated by conscience, is consistent? In these volumes there is evidence that the King, whatever his personal defects, and they were many and great, had a sense of his royal office. Even Mr. Greville repeats what all knew, that he was most averse to exercise the supreme power as regards capital punishment, which was then still recklessly awarded for petty thefts, with effraction, that is breaking into houses and premises, and could with difficulty be persuaded to sign death warrants. After all he was an anointed King, and the fact which Mr. Greville reluctantly admits, that he remained in a certain degree popular as a King even when he had ceased to be so as a man, no doubt hinges on something more solid than that kingly grace which sat so naturally upon him. Is it not true that the civil ruler has a *grace d'état*, an assistance from on high, which is not tied to the virtue or the wisdom of him who bears it, but in its different kind and degree, is analogous to those gifts which theologians call *gratis data*, in the supernatural order? and a very bad man may thus be a comparatively good ruler. It is remarkable that these Memoirs seem, as we think, while they seldom miss opportunities for telling stories which redound to the serious discredit of some one, usually the King, often to omit such as are to the full as amusing and at the most only turn on minor foibles or peculiarities of those concerned. We notice in the

very pages which are disfigured by these attacks on the King, an instance of this—"Since the debate on the Catholic question there has been a great expectation that Canning would resign. Many of his friends think he made an imprudent speech that night, and if he had not lashed the Master of the Rolls so severely that he would have got more votes."<sup>3</sup> "The truth is he was mightily nettled by Dr. Phillpott's pamphlet, and at Copley making a speech entirely taken from it," &c. The truth, on the contrary, as we have always heard it related, was that Copley (directly afterwards Canning's Lord Chancellor as Lord Lyndhurst) having got Dr. Phillpott's pamphlet, as he thought, before anybody, and copiously used it in his speech, Canning replied with a readiness which he owed to having seen the pamphlet as soon as Copley, and regarding it as a good joke turned the tables on his adversary by citing the words of a then popular song—

Dear Tom, this brown jug  
That now foams with mild ale,  
Was erst Toby *Phillpotts*,  
The pride of the vale.

If Canning made an apology, as Greville says, it was *ex abundantia*, and not required.

George the Fourth was possessed of great animal spirits and a vein of humour which no doubt he sometimes displayed in a way to annoy "prim" and starched persons not accustomed to this sort of treatment. Mr. Greville, through his friend Batchelor, one of the King's pages, whom he had known in the Duke of York's service, discovers that in these latter years of his life he often passed nearly whole days in bed, and partly as a consequence, no doubt, had sleepless nights which were a source of great annoyance to the servants for whom he would ring at all hours.<sup>4</sup> Mr. Peel being one night at the Cottage on the oft-repeated errand of persuading him to sign the Catholic Bill, the King, lying awake, bethought him that he would send for his Minister and beguile the weary hours with some conversation. Mr. Peel's habits were simple, and he hurried to the royal bedside in a dressing-gown of the most homely flannel. This tickled the King, who was amused by

<sup>3</sup> Vol. i. p. 91.

<sup>4</sup> It may perhaps be necessary to say that the sovereign's "pages" (of the back stairs, as they are called) are merely upper servants, and not the "pages of honour" who figure at Court ceremonials.



Mr. Peel's solemnity of manner, and instead of talking of the affairs of the realm he diverted himself by affecting great distress at Peel's dressing-gown, and insisting on having him attired in a variety of dressing-gowns which his pages produced from a wardrobe, until the Minister was at length suited (to the King's, not to his own, taste) with a robe of most incongruous gorgeousness, and dismissed to his slumbers with what appetite he might after such an untimely episode. Those who remember Sir Robert Peel will appreciate the point of the King's practical witticism. Mr. Greville is very severe on the King's taking to his bed; but his health was failing or at least uncertain, and he was in his seventieth year. What would his censor have said of another prince who had not these excuses for lying in bed, but of whom we read as follows—

As I was going from the Electress' apartment, I met one of the great Duke's *valets de chambre*, who came to tell me that his Royal Highness wanted to speak with me. I found the Grand Duke sitting upright in bed, accompanied by several lap-dogs, with nothing on but a shirt without ruffles, and a long cravat about his neck of coarse muslin; his cap was very much besmeared with snuff, and truly there was nothing neat or graced about him. By his bedside there stood a table in form of a beaufet, upon which there were silver buckets that contained liquors and glasses. His Royal Highness received me, however, with great marks of goodness. He said 'twas too early to drink wine (for 'twas no more than two o'clock in the afternoon) but that he had a choice dram of which I should take, and he was so good as to fill me a glass of it. 'Twas to no purpose for me to protest that I never drank drams, I was fain to drink that glass, after that another, and then a third. The Grand Duke assumed no state on account of his rank, but treated me as his equal, and drank glass for glass with me. I was just going to fall on my knees and ask for quarter, when his valet, Joannino, came in and whispered something in his ear. Upon this, the great Duke put on a serious air, and soon after dismissed me. The great Duke lay snug in his bed, not that he was sick but out of pure indulgence. 'Tis now twenty-two months since he left his palace, and above seven since he put on his clothes.<sup>5</sup>

This "great Duke," as the worthy Baron calls him, was the last (and surely the least too) of the Medicean dynasty of Tuscany, John Gaston; and was at that time (1731) only sixty years of age. The Baron adds that he dined at five and supped at two in the morning; considering that he never got up it would seem of little moment when he took his meals, but the

<sup>5</sup> *Memoirs of Baron de Pillnitz*, vol. ii. London, 1745.

point of our extract lies in the picture it affords of the habits of royal people not so many years before George the Fourth was born. The truth is that sovereigns are pretty much what the rest of mankind make them. The old and corrupt society before the flood of the first revolution was a state in which old institutions, which had been in their day good and useful, had outlived their meaning and their use. Privilege had begotten abuses which are typified in the story of the German University, where the professorship of mathematics had become hereditary, or in the practice of our own Oxford and Cambridge, where students were allowed to choose any three masters of arts or heads of faculties to examine them for their degree. They usually chose their nearest and dearest relations. They *always* passed their examination, and usually the examined and the examiners all got tipsy together in honour of one another, and of the occasion. It was a gross age: society was gross, legislation was gross. Our princes were not what they are now, but were they worse than their surroundings? We believe they were not worse, and that they were what an age of sots, and gamblers, and corrupters, and above all an age of adulators, and what we now call *flunkies*, made them. One vice they were certainly free from: our princes were not hypocrites. We have indeed cause for thankfulness that the throne is now occupied as it is, but it might be as now a type of respectability and morality, and yet be the source of greater evils than the Court of George the Fourth ever gave rise to. It might set the fashion of infidelity, and stimulate the official world to attack religion socially as well as politically, as other dynasties have done, and are doing, and as the Kings of the House of Hanover did not even in their worst days.

Another instance of Mr. Greville's malevolence, and also of his not telling a good story which he might have told in a good-natured way, is afforded in his allusion to George the Fourth's habit of telling stories till he got to believe that they had happened to himself. He says: "I hear he (the King) thinks that he rode Fleur de Lis for the Cup at Goodwood, which he may as well do as think (which he does) that he led the heavy dragoons at Salamanca." The fact is that, like many clever and imaginative people, he told stories again and again and "improved" on them till he sometimes seemed to believe that they had happened to himself. The deference due to his station of course rendered it almost impossible that he

should be checked, but the late Lord Howden, then Colonel Cradock, once heard him tell the Salamanca story and appeal to the Duke of Wellington for confirmation. The Duke's scrupulous adherence to truth was well known, and every one listened with all their ears to hear his answer. The old warrior was however not to be caught, and replied without hesitation, "Sir, I have always heard you say so;" upon which the King laughed and turned the conversation. This story discredits no one, so Mr. Greville, who no doubt had heard it, leaves it aside and contents himself with sneering at the King. A parallel instance is his notice of the differences which led the King to part with Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, his Keeper of the Privy Purse. "When Bloomfield was dismissed," he says,<sup>6</sup> "a disposition was shown to treat him in a very unceremonious manner; but he would not stand this, and displayed a spirit which he was *probably* enabled to *assume* in consequence of *what he knows*." Thus a hypothesis, purely gratuitous, enables the writer to give a twofold blow at the reputation of the King and that of the late Lord Bloomfield, which it is now of course almost impossible to parry. The facts that Bloomfield's engaging manners and appearance and genial disposition recommended him to the King's notice, and that these qualities were not sufficient to fix his attachment to that degree that he should resist other influences which were brought to bear on him, and that so, after many years of faithful service, the Privy Purse was made a peer and sent on a mission to Stockholm, do not require the hypothesis that "when they found he was not to be bullied they treated with him, and gave him every honour and emolument he could desire," and those who remember Lord Bloomfield will be slow to believe one word of this malicious gossip. It was on this occasion, we believe, that some one, inquiring what was the cause of the changes in the King's household, was told that it was only the King throwing off his "Upper Benjamin." Modern readers will have to be told, to appreciate this *bon môt*, that this was the slang name for a top-coat with a large cape or capes, used for driving by the "bucks" of the period.

Another exception to that absence of the religious idea which, as has been said, is so marked in these volumes, is afforded in the first volume by a circumstance entirely adventitious, and which even emphasizes that absence elsewhere. This was

<sup>6</sup> Vol. i. p. 55.

Mr. Greville's visit to Italy, and especially to Rome. Here of course it was not possible that he should entirely blink the subject. He was an acute observer and an accomplished, though desultory, man of the world, and he could not, therefore, visit Rome without noticing that its life and meaning were religion, any more than he could visit Newmarket without observing that its very existence was owing to the Turf and its interests. It is to us at the present day in which, for good and for evil, to affirm or to deny, the whole intellectual air is charged with the religious idea, a curious and a sad spectacle, to read of the contact of such a mind for the first and last time, so far as the Memoirs tell us, with the Church of the living God. Every now and then some ray of light seems to penetrate the thick darkness, but again he falls back into the weary round of the secular world and prates on of all things in all their possible relations, except only the one which is all-important, and without which they have neither weight nor meaning—their relation to God and the things of God. After a short stay in Paris, on the verge of its next revolution, Mr. Greville posted to Lyons, "and only stopping for two breakfasts, got to Lyons in forty-eight hours and a half." The "half" indicates that he thought the journey not only as he says, "not disagreeable," but decidedly rapid. His appreciation of the Alps, and generally of the beauties of nature, is very lively and unaffected, and his criticisms on art are usually intelligent, though not always so. For instance, when he says, "I stopped (at the Piazza di Termini) to look at the 'Moses striking the Rock,' which is certainly *very fine*, though there is too much of Moses and not enough of rock or water." This is the strangest criticism we ever heard, the fact being that there is a great deal too little of Moses, as any one who cares may see. The sculptor, Prospero Bresciano, was repeatedly warned of his mistake in making the statue too short for the central niche it was to occupy, between the bas-reliefs of Gideon and Aaron, by Giovanni Battista della Porta, and the story is that when the poor obstinate young man was present at the unveiling, and the crowd burst into loud laughter at his stunted Moses, he was so mortified that he went and put an end to himself. The truth is, that he died of mortification and melancholy while still a young man,<sup>7</sup> as those who know what Italian artists are, or were, can well understand he might do. But

<sup>7</sup> *Moroni*, voc. Fontane, vol. xxv. 107.

the oddest thing of all is that Mr. Greville saw no beauty in Michael Angelo's "Moses," at S. Pietro in Vincoli. "It may be very fine," he says,<sup>8</sup> "but to my mind it is only a colossal statue;" and then he proceeds to criticize the rays, or horns: "but how can rays of light be represented in marble any more than the breath?" He passes over the same feature in the other "Moses" without comment, whereas in that case he might have made the pertinent one that Prospero seems to have forgotten that when Moses struck the rock, as he is here represented, he had not yet been on the Mount and received that lasting impress of reflected glory which the Vulgate, translating the Hebrew, styles by the term "cornutus" ("horned"), and which in Michael Angelo's non-historic masterpiece he cites and censures.

Mr. Greville owns that he always felt an attraction towards Catholic churches, and though he speaks of them in the same breath as "tawdry" and calls his *penchant* "childish," it may well be that this was a prompting to something higher and better. He could not rest till he had rushed to see St. Peter's on arriving in Rome. "I awoke very early and could not rest till I had seen St. Peter's, so set off in a hackney-coach, drove by the Piazza Colonna and the Castle of S. Angelo (which burst upon me unexpectedly as I turned on the bridge), and got out as soon as St. Peter's was in sight. . . . As I walked along the piazza and then entered the church, I felt that sort of breathless bewilderment which was produced in some degree by the first sight of the Alps. Much as I expected, I was not disappointed. St. Peter's sets criticism at defiance; nor can I conceive how anybody can do anything but admire and wonder there, till time and familiarity with its glories shall have subjected the imagination to the judgment. I cannot tell which produced the greatest impression, St. Peter's or the Coliseum, but if I might only have seen one *it should be the Coliseum*, for there can be nothing of the kind besides." To this he appends a note, saying that there are "of the kind" others, but very inferior, at Pompeii and Verona. He did not know of those which are not "very inferior," but, if we recollect rightly, larger, though certainly not nearly so perfect, viz., those of Pola in Istria and El Jernin in the Regency of Tunis. "I ended by St. Peter's again, where there were many devout Catholics praying round the illuminated tomb of the Apostle,

<sup>8</sup> Vol. i. p. 307.

and many foolish English poking into it to stare and ask questions, the answers to which they did not understand"—a very sensible remark, to which one might wish the writer did not occasionally lay himself open. In the same page he goes to Grotta Ferrata to see the "finest frescoes in the world," and describes the convent as "large, formerly rich, full of monks, and a fortress—now tenanted by a few beggarly friars." Of course he admires the Dominichinos and sneers at St. Nilus, like his kind; but that he should dismiss the Basilian monks and the whole historic interests of Grotta Ferrata with "formerly rich" and "beggarly friars," *pour tout pôtage*, is certainly a fine specimen of the "foolish English" way of looking at things. Mrs. Starke's guide-book, we think, was not yet hatched, but Eustace's *Tour* might have given him some light. Mr. Greville at any rate seems never to have heard of Bessarion or of the Council of Florence and its consequences. In fact the whole of this part of the Memoirs is a revelation of the great advance in knowledge of religious topics which has been made since the national mind was brought back to them by the "Oxford movement" of 1833. The very boys and girls in our grammar and Sunday schools now know more of Catholic things, Church history and archæology, and the whole range of ideas "ecclesiastical," than the highly educated "upper ten thousand" of fifty years ago.

It would be beside our present theme to do more than hint at the causes which even before that date had operated as more or less remote agents to thaw the icy bands of self-complacent ignorance in which our nation had lain spell-bound for more than three centuries. The later agents which seemed so unlikely to be God's instruments in His merciful designs on England were unquestionably the French Revolution and the Lake school of literature, in its widest sense, synchronizing in part with, and in part supervening on, the revival of personal religion called the "Evangelical" movement. As the long-neglected field has to be broken up with deep furrows, and surface draining, and alternate crops of esculents, and much disfigurement of manure, have to precede the golden cereals or the smooth sward which are one day to clothe and glorify its surface, so the hard crusts of boorish insular ignorance, prejudice, and indifference, or the pedantry of a pagan polish, or the formalism of a political State creed, had to yield gradually to these various and unsuspected solvents before the soil was fit



to receive the seed of lofty principles; and the twilight of historic and literary truth was to precede the full light of religious illumination as the dawn precedes the day. Mr. Greville stumbles over religion as men do over pebbles on the road at early dawn, and records his sensations with a sometimes touching, and sometimes ridiculous naïveté. Here, for instance, is his account of the Vicar of Christ, Pope Pius the Eighth—

At ten Kestner<sup>9</sup> called for Loraine and me, and we went to the Pope. His Court is by no means despicable. A splendid suite of apartments at the Quirinal, with a very decent attendance of Swiss guards, *guardie nobile*, chamberlains—generally ecclesiastics—dressed in purple, valets in red from top to toe, of Spanish cut, and in the midst of all a barefooted Capuchin. After waiting a few minutes, we were introduced to the presence of the Pope by the chamberlain, who knelt as he showed us in. The Pope was alone at the end of a very long and handsome apartment, sitting under a canopy of state in an arm-chair, with a table before him covered with books and papers, a crucifix, and a snuff-box. He received us most graciously, half rising, and extending his hand, which we kissed. He is a very nice squinting old twaddle, and we liked him. Talked of quieting religious dissensions in England, and the Catholic question; and when I said, "Très Saint Père, le Roi mon maitre n'a pas de meilleurs sujets que ses sujets Catholiques," his eyes whirled round in their sockets like teetotums, and he grinned from ear to ear. After about a quarter of an hour he bade us farewell. We kissed his hand, and backed out again.

This "squinting old twaddle" whom Mr. Greville and the rest were so good as to "like," had more learning in his little finger, as they say, both sacred and profane, than Mr. G. in his whole affected little body, and more energy too. As long as history lasts, he will be remembered as one of those chivalrous ecclesiastics who set at nought the truculence of Napoleon the First, who twice honoured him with exile when Castiglioni, then Bishop of Montalto, had refused at the tyrant's bidding to forswear his allegiance to the Pope, his lawful sovereign. Gentle and meek, till the cruel disorder which ended his days made him sometimes momentarily testy, Pius the Eighth was officially a worthy representative of the Rock of Peter's Chair in firmness and apostolic vigour, while his ecclesiastical learning was as profound as it was varied, and Devoti's Institutes are the abiding monument of his fame as a canonist; for he aided that greatest of all authorities on that subject in the compi-

<sup>9</sup> Kestner was the representative of the King of Hanover at Rome.

lation which should in equity bear his name as well as that of his master. Poor Mr. Greville must have been thinking of himself when he called Pius the Eighth an "old twaddle." About equally intelligent is his description of what he calls "the process of saint making," which he says is "extremely curious." We suppose that an oyster, if it could speak, would say the same of oyster sauce. By "saint making," Mr. Greville does not at all mean what he says; that process is indeed "extremely curious." But Mr. Greville knew nothing about it whatever. What he is alluding to is the judicial process of canonization, or recognition of the facts whereby a holy person is proved, with a far greater stringency of proof than any court of law or of equity in this or any other country ever exacts, to have exercised Christian virtues in a heroic degree, and that this heroic exercise was attested by miracle both during life and after death. Though he is wrong in most of his statements as to this process (as that it costs an "immense sum," which may or may not be, the expense being chiefly caused by the collection of evidence, or that no one can be canonized for two centuries after their death, &c.), it is but just to say that he admits that the processes are severely scrutinized, and only admitted on the "production of most satisfactory evidence."

But this is a mild specimen of the poor gentleman's mistakes about Catholic things. At page 372, he records his amazement at a Capuchin lay-brother refusing money for letting him and a friend see the vaults at the Cappuccini at Piazza Barberini, probably at an inconvenient time. "Money, which I thought monks never refused." Poor man! However, when he expressed his naïve wonder to his *laquais de place*, that worthy with the readiness which enables them so often to answer "English fools" according to their folly, immediately gratified him by saying that he knew the monk well, and that the secret of his refusal was that he was intensely proud! One of this respectable brotherhood once told a friend of ours a story quite *à la Greville* concerning a lady whose carriage passed at the moment and a Cardinal of great name as a statesman. Our friend happened, though English, to be a Catholic, and said, "Why, you rascal, that is the Duchesse de——, and Cardinal—— is eighty years of age, and a monk of one of the strictest orders! How dare you tell such lies?" To which the meek cicerone only replied, *Cosa volete signor mio, così lo vogliono gli*

*Inglesi!*—"What will you, my good sir; the English will have it so!"

But if Mr. Greville's theology is queer, his archæology he evidently thinks is quite above the ordinary, and unimpeachable. He goes to St. Maria in Trastevere, and says, "it is a basilica, and at the end is an ancient stone chair, which was evidently the justice-seat, *though they of the church do not know it.*" This is really quite inimitable. Mr. Greville had just arrived at the faintest glimmering of Christian archæology, from Nibby, possibly, if that is not too much to suppose, as for Bosio and Arringhi, he most likely never heard their names—and delighted with himself at having identified the episcopal chair in the apse of a basilica with the judge's seat in the court of law, he concludes (so far as he tells us without proof) that no one but himself has arrived at this abstruse conclusion. Now-a-days, all the young ladies and gentlemen who "do" Rome, get up from the well-digested pages of their Murray, more sound archæology and ritual too, in a few days, than the accomplished Charles Greville seems to have mastered in his whole life. We are sure that no ordinary specimen of an English lady or gentleman, for instance, would write such passages as the following: "To-night (Good Friday, 1830) it was reported that the Pope was coming to St. Peters. Formerly, when the *cross was illuminated*, he used to come with all the Cardinals to *adore it.*"<sup>10</sup> Similarly, he calls the *Tre Ore* a "tiresome service;" but he ironically adds the reason, viz., that he did not understand a word the preacher said, which certainly was a drawback, as the "service" consists, as every one here knows, of a series of discourses on the seven last utterances of our Blessed Lord on the Cross. But we must pass from these and a host of other little choice bits of nonsense about Popes and Cardinals, conclaves, and ceremonies, such as the following: "On one occasion, one of the Swiss Guard knocked a Cardinal's eye out, and when he found who he was, begged his pardon, and said he had taken him for a bishop." This is a regular Roman "Joe Miller," something like the Irish story of the chieftain who apologized for burning down a cathedral on the ground that he thought the bishop, with whom he was at feud, was inside. But we must leave our other remarks on Mr. Greville for a second paper.

J. L. P.

<sup>10</sup> Vol. i. p. 319.

### *A Visit to Paray-le-Monial.*

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IT is a trite observation, but none the less a motive for daily gratitude, that whilst the memory of the ills of this life fades away, or at least grow faint and dim in the past, the recollection of real and solid joys remains bright and vivid. Amongst such memories none assuredly leave a more clearly marked image to cheer and console us in the future than the visits which as Catholics it may be our privilege to pay to places marked out by the providence of God, as the scenes of special acts of His mercy and of His tender interest in us His children.

Such a spot in a singular manner, in these our days of incredulity, coldness, and indifference on the one hand, and of renewed faith, earnest love and zeal for the cause of God on the other, is the quiet hamlet of Paray-le-Monial. Lying far in the heart of France, away from the great thoroughfares, till the other day it was almost unknown, and quite unnoticed in the handbooks of travellers. Worn and tired by the worry of modern life, it was our happy privilege, but a few weeks ago, after previous disappointments had hindered our reaching that blessed spot, to drink the deep waters of holy peace of unutterable refreshment and consolation which well up from that sanctuary of the Sacred Heart, and with all the freshness of this heavenly dew upon us we would try, however feebly, to revive the memory of similar joys in those who have shared the same privilege, or endeavour to convey some impression of the place and its atmosphere to those not yet so fortunate.

It is a bright calm April evening. The country through which we are speeding is in all the beauty of spring. A snow-drift of cherry blossoms and bursting apple flowers spreads above the green pastures in which herds of milk-white cattle are feeding. At last, a turn on the iron road, and as we look out with the strange feeling of suspense and anxiety which takes possession of the heart when nearing the term of a pilgrimage, the three grey towers of the ancient abbey and the

clustering roofs of Paray-le-Monial rise before us, backed by its green hill and the lofty mass of gigantic plane trees which gird it in, but which as yet barely show any signs of foliage. Darkness has fallen before we can get free from the arrangements for our brief stay, and it is too late to visit the Sanctuary, the Convent Chapel; so across the two bridges which span the wandering Bourbince, and through dim streets, we make our way to the quondam abbey, now the parish church, soon to be the Basilica, and beneath its vast mysterious vault, lit by one single lamp, we offer our hearty thanksgiving that we have at last reached this place of God's predilection.

It is well to remind those who read these lines that just two hundred years have gone by since in 1675 (probably between the 14th and 19th of June) the great revelation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to His handmaid and servant the Blessed Marguerite Marie took place. The convent had been founded forty-nine years before, being the twenty-sixth house of the Institute of the Visitation, the legacy to the Church of the most amiable of God's saints, the Bishop of Geneva, Francis of Sales.

As early as the twelfth century, an abbey church had been founded by St. Hugh, on the same plan on which was afterwards erected the vast church of the Abbey of Cluny, and hidden away though it was, it did not escape the hand of the destroyer, for the Huguenot sacked it at the beginning of the wars of religion. Worse, however, than the material ruin caused by these apostles of "the new lights," were the seeds of heresy sown by them, and it was only through a series of providential circumstances, too long to dwell on here, that in 1626 the Convent of the Visitation was founded at Paray, and soon the brightness of holiness which had been quenched shone out again. By degrees the convent grew up almost under the shadow of the venerable old abbey church, "entre le four et collège du dict Paray, joignant la grande rue appelée des Forges, qui va jusques aux murailles de la dict ville."

Simple and modest, the buildings lay no claim to our attention from an architectural point of view, but they have those qualities of solidity and space often sacrificed now-a-days to mere prettiness. Steep roofs, and lofty dormer windows, broad arched cloisters, and the loggia-like *Galerie des Novices*, which is intimately associated with memories of Marguerite Marie, make a combination which is picturesque and monastic. In 1631 the contract for the convent chapel was signed, the spot

so soon to become the scene of such marvellous wonders and graces. It is here we are kneeling, where so many have knelt before, and under the same absorbing indescribable impression of a sweet yet mysterious and awful sanctity. Of the marvellous apparitions that have taken place in this narrow convent chapel, small, far away from the world, as the stable of Bethlehem, it is for other pens to write. We have only set before ourselves the task of describing the outward aspect of these holy places. If it is possible to allow a sentiment of regret or disappointment to intrude itself, we must confess that we lament the well-intentioned zeal which has altered the aspect of the sanctuary. True, the actual walls have been preserved, but the edifice has been clothed in a pseudo-Byzantine or Lombardic dress which seems incongruous with the records of a *Bienheureuse* of the seventeenth century.

The plan of the small chapel is a simple parallelogram, three vaulted bays form the nave, and one serves for the chancel. To the right of the chancel runs out the choir of the religious in immediate connection with the convent, and opposite to this on the left is the chapel of our Lady. At the upper end of the nave are two small side chapels of St. Joseph and the Blessed Marguerite Marie. The walls of the church are covered with mural paintings, but these are entirely concealed under the immense number of banners which hang as *ex votos* from every point. A chapter might be written on those testimonies of piety and devotion coming from every part of Catholic Europe. Everything that skilful piety could devise or artistic taste imagine, has been lavished on these Christian trophies. The banner of our English pilgrimage, that of Scotland, the crape veiled banners of Alsace and Lorraine, with the black pennon of Metz, and the *fac simile* of the glorious standard of the Papal Zouaves from Patay, naturally claimed and attracted our attention. From the vaulted ceiling hang down crowns of lights and lamps in profusion, all *ex votos*, mostly burning perpetually, almost all of the most sumptuous and beautiful workmanship. We may especially mention those hanging in the chancel arch, presented respectively by the Catholics of North America, the members of the Apostolate of Prayer, and the Communion of Reparation; they are works of remarkable beauty, covered with enamelled subjects, and set with symbolic silver daisies (*marguerites*) on gilded metal-work. The high altar is of white marble, and is supported on an open arcade through which is seen the sumptuous shrine



of the Blessed Marguerite Marie. Her relics are encased in a waxen figure dressed in the habit of the Institute of the Visitation. The shrine itself is of gilded metal, with an open glazed arcade, and at the angles, beneath elaborate canopies, are metal statues of angels bearing inscribed scrolls; a rich cresting runs along the sides and crowns the roof. Enamels and precious stones are lavished upon the spandrels of the arcaded flanks and the bands and cornices of the shrine, and the Sacred Heart is conspicuous in the midst. Above the altar is a picture of the apparition, so oft repeated and so well known. The grille of the nuns' choir is the very one behind which knelt *La Bienheureuse* in silent adoration of the Blessed Sacrament when our Lord appeared to her; its iron bars are covered with *ex votos* in the form of hearts and the like. Such is a dry description of this famous sanctuary; as we have said before, it is for others to write of its mysterious sanctity, of the marvels of charity and mercy that have occurred within its walls. Thousands of times has the Holy Mass been offered at that altar by devoted priests, tens of thousand of Catholic men and women, of all peoples, of all conditions, have knelt before it to receive the Bread of Life. Of the fruit of such supplication who can doubt? Nay, we may well believe the indignation of an offended God with an ingrate and rebellious generation is withheld by the upraised hands of all these His faithful servants. It is a very striking fact, which we may be allowed to mention as having heard it from those best able to speak on such a subject, that whilst temporal favours, such as the cure of bodily ailments, do not occur at Paray-le-Monial, as they do on the most undoubted and irrefragable evidence at Lourdes and other sanctuaries of our Blessed Lady, spiritual graces of conversion from sin and change of life of the most extraordinary character are of constant occurrence.

Leaving the Chapel and Convent of the Visitation, but a few steps bring us to the imposing eastern end of the ancient abbey church. It is, as we have said, a truly noble and majestic structure of the twelfth century, with the combined round and pointed arch, characteristic of the gradual adaptation of the latter more scientific form, and the peculiarities of the Romanesque architecture of Burgundy. By a deep porch, forming a vast atrium, and supporting two wholly detached towers with tall, pyramidal roofs, we pass into the nave, and the whole spacious interior presents itself to our view. Three

broad and lofty bays form the nave, with pointed arches below, and circular above in the triforium and clerestory, and fluted pilasters bearing up the arched roof, to which Milton's line in the *Penseroso* exactly applies. At the end of the nave, but at present not opening into the Church, rises a fine central octagonal tower, and right and left stretch out the transepts. The choir lies beyond, surrounded by a colonnade of lofty and slender shafts, forming a striking contrast to the massive piers of the rest of the church; while still further off, in picturesque perspective, appears the ambulatory, and the three radiating chapels of the extreme eastern end. In the northern choir aisle is an altar dedicated to the Sacred Heart, at an early period of the Devotion; and though the practice cannot be approved, it is impossible to read the pious supplications, written in pencil or scratched on its walls by pilgrims, without being touchingly reminded of the *sgraffiti* of the early Christians on the frescoed walls of the catacombs. Our Holy Father Pius the Ninth has deigned to confer the title of Basilica on this venerable church, and a ceremonial of the utmost solemnity is to take place in the present month of June, as a solemn inauguration of its new title. Let us hope that the generosity of Catholics will revive the past glories of this ancient church, for it is now, though in perfect repair, singularly destitute of becoming fittings, and is swathed with a winding-sheet of whitewash such as would have rejoiced a British churchwarden of a century ago, when a bucket of lime was the highest development of "decoration."

Of the abbey once adjoining the church nothing remains but a massive steep-roofed tower, later monastic buildings, and a cloister of about the sixteenth century, which are now occupied by the Christian Brothers' Schools. From the tower of the church you gain an admirable bird's-eye view of the Val d'Or, as it was called in times past, in which Paray rests her feet, herself seated on the green slopes of the hills which form the sides of this golden vale. There are beneath you the massive towers of the ancient parish church, of which all but this fragment was swept away at the Revolution; the turret and roofs of the hospital where the Père de la Colombière was wont to offer the Holy Sacrifice, some fragments of the old town wall and notably a mossy round tower, the new chapel of the nuns "de la Retraite," the house of the Jesuit Fathers growing up on the slope of the hill above the town, and at our feet the roof of the sanctuary of the Sacred Heart, the clustering eaves of

the Convent of the Visitation, and its trim well-cared-for garden, with long straight alleys and shady walks; and, the cynosure of every eye, midst all this, the cluster of hazel trees and the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, both so intimately connected with the history of this sublime Devotion and the life of the humble religious selected by God for its diffusion. Such is the picture of this town, of which a modern sacred poet has sung—

Gaude, Cluniaci filia nobilis  
Urbs dilecta Deo : tu nova civitas  
Salvatoris eris ; te super oriens,  
Christi gratia splenduit.

The general aspect of Paray is calm and tranquil. Yet there is an inner life dwelling there, the pulsations of which have made themselves felt throughout Christian Europe and far across the wide waters of the Atlantic, and which will probably have yet a still greater and more marked influence. In the year 1873 no less than two hundred thousand pilgrims knelt in the sanctuary of the Sacred Heart and before the shrine of *la Bienheureuse*, and we may say in passing that the pious and devout demeanour of our English pilgrims left an impression which has not and will not be forgotten at Paray. This present year and month, as we have said above, is the second centenary of the apparition, and a great movement is already on foot, and will acquire immense extension during the month of June. A pilgrimage of upwards of five hundred Belgians paid their devotions at Paray in April; the Bishop of Rodez has engaged to visit the sanctuary with four thousand men from his diocese, and the people of Catholic Brittany and of central France are wending their way in the same direction. But besides these important popular manifestations, there is a constant and steady flow of individual pilgrims at all seasons, and the succession of Masses and Communion never ceases all the year round. It may easily be imagined that when thousands of pilgrims arrive *en masse*, and when amongst these there are, as has often happened, some hundreds of priests, great difficulties and disappointments occur from the fact of the limited size of the chapel, and the impossibility of all being able to approach the confessional, or offer up the Holy Sacrifice. It is to meet these drawbacks that the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, under the zealous Père Drevon, with the entire approbation and cordial encouragement of the Bishop of Autun,

<sup>1</sup> L'Abbe Bouange, archdeacon and vicar-general of the diocese of Autun.

and with the special blessing of the Holy Father, have undertaken to erect a Church of the Sacred Heart. It is proposed to make this church "an *ex voto* of Catholics of every nation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus"—every people contributing in equal shares to its erection, and each one having its own national chapel and altar. France, always in the van of generous good works, has, through the pilgrims of Marseilles, bought the site and presented it to the fathers. Belgium has paid in an instalment of her share, and amongst others far off, Catholic Mexico, in the midst of her trials, has sent her full quota. May we not hope that we at home shall do our part? May we not hope to live and see the chapels of England and Scotland, and of faithful Ireland, so dear to French Catholic hearts, founded at Paray, whence constant prayer and supplication may arise amidst our necessities to the Divine Heart of Jesus?

The projected church has been planned on a comparatively moderate scale, and is by no means an impossible undertaking, on the contrary, it is expected that from £1,000 to £1,400 will be all that will be needed from each nation. The aisles and choir are to be flanked and surrounded by the national chapels, each with the altar of their patron saint and their national confessionals, and within these chapels special memorials of pilgrimages would be erected as the piety of each nation may prompt, in the form of bronze or marble tablets, or as stained glass windows, or mural paintings. Already, adjoining the site of the proposed church, a spacious building is being erected by the fathers as a house of retreats both for clergy and laity, an immense boon, as no such establishment now exists, and those who are able to spend some short space in prayer and recollection in the blessed atmosphere of the sanctuary must now fain submit to return to the noise and bustle of an inn. The site of these buildings is but a few minutes' walk from the sanctuary, placed above the town in a pleasant situation, and hard by the magnificent avenue of plane trees on the road to Charolles. It must not be forgotten that the Society of Jesus is intimately associated with the history of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart at Paray. The saintly Père de la Colombière, who has such special claims on our affectionate and respectful remembrance, as having introduced the Devotion to England in the hour of persecution, was the confessor and director of *la Bienheureuse*. To him had our Blessed Lord ordered that she should address herself and that she should tell him to do

what he could to establish the great Devotion.<sup>2</sup> Still more in the great vision, which is painted in the well known chapel at Farm Street, did her Divine Teacher tell the holy virgin that to the Fathers of the Society was reserved to make known the utility and value of the love of His Sacred Heart.<sup>3</sup>

For the "devout female sex," the "Nuns of the Retreat" have already, as we signified above, opened a house and are now engaged in building a chapel. Their object is both to receive individual pilgrims, and at fixed periods to have general retreats for women under the direction of Fathers of the Society of Jesus. For those who cannot give more than a limited period to their visit, there are several inns very homely but sufficiently comfortable, and numerous private houses are glad to place a room or more at the disposal of pilgrims.

Such is Paray-le-Monial, such the outward means and ways for sanctification which have grown or are growing up at this wonderful and blessed place. We feel deeply how feeble, how entirely insufficient, is our effort to give even a fair sketch of what forms its outer aspect; of its inner life we doubt if the pen of man, even the most skilled, the most spiritualized, can fitly write. As to the sentiments of the Catholic pilgrim, his heart, in silent adoration of the Sacred Heart of His Lord and Master, can alone express them, but not in written, less still in spoken words. That from the day of the revelation to our enlightened age, unbelievers should have scoffed at and flouted with their shallow wit and deep impiety this most sublime and yet most simple Devotion, is not to be wondered at. That within eight years after Marie Marguerite had passed to eternal rest and to the perpetual presence that she had seen but as a vision whilst on earth, there should have already been some thirteen thousand members of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, not only in France, but in England, Germany, and Spain, is far more to be wondered at, especially when we consider the state of religion and the activity of its adversaries, open and hidden, at that period. Since then the growth of the Devotion has been an unbroken and triumphal progress in despite of all the opposition of the world and the devil. Forty thousand *daily* communions are one of the many results of the wonderful Devotion in the single association of one confraternity, "The Heart of Jesus consoled in the Blessed Eucharist—the

<sup>2</sup> Father Tickell's *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary*. First Edition, p. 152.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 308.

Communion of Reparation." From the far off sanctuary of Paray came the salutary rays of fortifying grace and heroic devotion which led the Catholic soldiers of France under the banner of the Sacred Heart to fight against those who have since proved to be the engines of an anti-Christian despotism. From Paray again came forth the inspiration by which a group of faithful and devoted members of the French Assembly proposed and carried a solemn vote to erect a great church under the sublime dedication—

CHRISTO EJUSQUE SACRATISSIMO CORDI  
GALLIA PŒNITENS ET DEVOTA ;

and the foundation-stone of which is to be laid this present month. Here amongst ourselves in England, Scotland, and Ireland the growth of this Devotion is daily extending. Hardly a church or chapel in which the Image of the Sacred Heart is not to be found ; fervent confraternities everywhere exist, and we cannot doubt that our dear country will most assuredly feel, nay, feels already, the influences of this most tender, most sublime, and most salutary Devotion.

G. G.



## *Chronicles of Catholic Missions.*

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### IV.—THE EARLY DAYS OF THE COREAN CHURCH.

"LET a saint write the life of a saint!" was the expression of what is almost a truism. And on much the same principle is M. Dallet fitted to write the History of the Church of Corea. A missionary disabled, by a terrible illness, draws up in his enforced leisure the annals of a mission. To the world at large they have this special interest, that their subject is almost entirely new. Snatches of information have reached us; and at least two works in English have made us familiar with some of the heroic sufferings of the martyrs of Corea. But no full account of that sealed land, no connected description of its customs, no complete history of its dynasties, or even of its evangelization, no perfect *Acta Martyrum* had been published till the appearance of these two volumes. Now that the barriers are removed which kept the "barbarians" from profaning the sacred soil of China and Japan, hardly any part of the globe still remains where the merchant or the traveller cannot enter, and where the feet of those who preach the gospel of peace are not able to tread. The Corean peninsula in the most distant East only draws still closer the lines of exclusion; and full of conceit at her supposed repulse of the French and American fleets, condemns ruthlessly to death every stranger who dares to enter their territory, and every subject who has had communication with the outside world. Two only exceptions, if exceptions they may be called, are allowed—the annual embassy to Peking, and the very limited trade with the Japanese, who hold to this day the fort of Fousan-Kai, at a point of the coast nearest to their own islands. But the strict precautions which surround these solitary dealings with other nations make them rather an enforcing of the rule than an exception to it.

The tenants in some parts of Ireland are said not to dare to put shoes or stockings on the feet of their children, for fear of exciting the cupidity of the agent, and so causing the rent to be

raised. Be this as it may, the exclusion of foreigners from Corea is to be traced to a somewhat similar reason. The riches of the soil are not allowed to be turned to account; rich veins of gold, silver, and copper lie unworked, and severe sumptuary laws restrain the use of luxuries among even the nobility and the rich. The consequence is, that although in many respects the country is civilized, or, at all events, half civilized, manufactures and native industry are almost at as low a level as among the very savages.

The climate has its severe extremes of heat and cold—a state of things which the want of cultivation and the quantities of forest land no doubt conduces to increase. The whole peninsula is one series of mountains; and though the narrow valleys are carefully tilled, it was not till the Christians, when forced by persecution to fly from inhabited regions, and to seek refuge on the heights and amidst their fastnesses, began to cultivate the virgin soil around them, that any attempt of the kind had been made.

The people, owing, no doubt, to the oppression of the nobles and the tax-gatherers, and to the almost entire absence of roads, are quite unaccustomed either to agriculture or manufacture on a large scale. Each peasant cultivates his own little plot; each household is its own shoemaker, tailor, weaver, carpenter, hatter, builder; in a word, every one pursues every trade, and no trade has in consequence attained any perfection, unless we except that of the manufacture of paper, which is a commodity of universal use among the Coreans. It is composed of the bark of the mulberry tree, and is so strong in texture that hats, bags, and even shoe-strings are made of it. When oiled, it takes the place of glass in the windows, and of waterproof covering for the walls of their houses, and is used for umbrellas and overcoats. It is said even in old days to have passed current, under the form of arrow heads, as a real paper money. The right of keeping sheep is reserved to the crown, so that wool is an unknown commodity; flax is not cultivated, and though it grows wild on the hills it is never turned to account. The native silk is coarse, and the cotton stuffs are no better; each one, as has been said, being his own manufacturer. Some woollen goods are imported from Russia, whose possessions border on the north of the country; but, like foreign calicoes which make their way to the capital, they are too costly and too fragile to be of general use.

Farming pays well. In good years thirty per cent. is not an uncommon profit. Severe laws forbid the export of grain, and the taxes are in great part paid in rice. The same laws equally prohibit its importation; and when, as easily happens in such a country, a bad season intervenes, the Government lets the people die by thousands rather than relax its rules, and allow Japanese traders to sell food in Korean ports.

The roads, according to official classification, are of three degrees of excellence. Those of the first class—royal roads—are two or three yards broad, and as no carriages or vehicles are to be found except at the capital, this is wide enough. But one must not suppose that these paths, for they are little better, are kept in order. Floods, or bad weather, do their worst upon them, and it is no one's duty to repair them: those in the neighbourhood of Seoul, the metropolis, and the highway from that city to China, are almost the only exceptions. Roads of the second sort are still more ideal. You follow your guide over hill and dale, and sometimes up to your knees in water across rice fields. There are miles of nominal road, with no signs of a road at all. The bridges generally are merely stepping-stones. Others there are, made of planks, covered with sods, but every time the stream rises they are carried away. Seoul alone boasts of a fine stone bridge. The third category simply exists on paper.

Under such a system it is hardly necessary to add that the population, which is stated at present to amount to ten millions, sensibly diminishes. The morals of the people, or rather the absence of morality, seriously conduces also to this. Buddhism, the ancient religion of the country, has been supplanted by the teachings of Confucius, which in its present form seems, with the Koreans, to be but atheism and materialism, overladen with superstitions of every sort, and only recommended by the great respect which it manifests for the dead, by the reverence to parents, and the obligatory hospitality which it commands. The King is surrounded with a worship and veneration which almost amounts to deification. To him are offered the first-fruits with religious ceremony. Though the Emperor of China gives him a name on his investiture, no one is ever allowed to mention it. It is only when he is dead that his successor chooses one for him, by which he is to be called in the annals of the Korean history. Even the sacred veil which shrouds the face of the nobles, and of mourners, is put aside when he appears, nor are spectacles tolerated in presence of the sovereign. Every one

must dismount when passing by his palace, nor is any one allowed to approach the King save in court dress, and with a complex ceremonial. No one may touch him, not even a doctor or surgeon. When one of the kings was suffering from an abscess, which threatened his life, the court physician, unable to use his lancet, had the happy thought of sending for a funny bonze, whose antics threw his Majesty into such fits of laughter that the gathering burst of itself. His sacred effigy is not exposed to necessary contempt by being stamped on the coin of the realm, and the Corean authorities were greatly scandalized when, in 1847, they saw the French sailors who had been wrecked on one of their islands, treat, without any respect, the image of Louis Philippe on their sous and francs. Condemned to pass his boyhood in a seraglio, the sovereign becomes at an early age so debauched as to be both unable and unwilling to pay any attention to public affairs, of which he is, nevertheless, the absolute disposer. Rarely, if ever, in the long line of Corean sovereigns, has a king emancipated himself from the corruption in which custom steepens him, or sought the happiness and prosperity of his people. The whole system of government turns, therefore, on the most shameless intrigues. Nothing is to be gained unless the favour of the eunuchs and the women of the harem can be bought. The monarch is a mere puppet in the hands of the ministers. Add to this, that some of the richest and most powerful families have profited by the constant troubles and revolutions which have taken place, to secure a very large hereditary share in the Government. Nor has the King the support of his own family. No persons are looked on with greater jealousy, kept more away from Court, more suspected, more readily punished with death or exile than the relatives of the reigning sovereign. It is the old Oriental system, which finds its natural expression in some states by the massacre of all the brothers of the heir to the crown.

As in China, the written laws are in many ways excellent; but their high tone of morality is in strange contradiction with their practical application. Besides the chief ministers of State, the hierarchy of mandarins, civil and military, and the various grades of officials beneath them, there is a most valuable institution, that of the inspectors royal, who hold a power something like that of a Parliamentary commission with us, but with this important addition, that they can not only examine, but pass prompt sentence, and exercise the power of life and death.

They have, too, a roving commission, and can come down like a hawk upon provinces and cities, inquire into the conduct of officials, and punish with the greatest swiftness and severity. They are the eyes and hands of the central Government. But, unfortunately, in practice they are as venal as those whose speculations they are set to watch.

Nor have the officials the excuse which *employés* have in some countries nearer home, that they are paid so badly that they must make out their salary as best they can. In comparison with the poverty of Corea, their salaries are enormous. But it is the fashion to spend most lavishly as long as any money lasts. Without any thought of the morrow, as soon as ever an official enters office, he keeps up the state of a prince, and as he is bound, by the religious and civil laws of the land, to support not only his parents, but each of his kith and kin, everything he gets is, after all, insufficient, and he leaves office poorer than he entered it.

Like many other things in this model kingdom, the legal taxation is light and moderate. But to what the State exacts must be added all that the various official leeches can, by right or wrong, suck from the vitals of the people. The State and commonwealth is bled like the rest; and if we except the arsenal of the capital, either the contents of the other depôts have been sold, or nothing has been bought, and neither arms or munition, except a few rags, or rusted and worthless arms, are to be found in them.

A word as to the dress, the homes, and the food of this strange people, and we must conclude our very imperfect sketch. The men wear clothes of great capacity: their trousers and their coat-sleeves are most voluminous, and fashion requires that every one should wear as much as his purse or power of endurance will permit. On a State occasion they will put on two or three shirts, as many trousers, and four or five coats. A sash round the waist keeps them together; for Birmingham has not sent its buttons to that primitive country. Spectacles are much affected among the upper classes. The colour of their clothes is supposed to be white; but as washing becomes very expensive, thick layers of dirt accumulate, and completely conceal the original appearance of their costume. A hat surmounts the whole, but in rainy weather a thatch, nine feet in circumference, is placed over it, and a cloak of similar material completely protects the traveller.

The women wear trousers less ample than the men, and a dress whose colour varies, like the ribands worn by the women of the Roman Campagna, according to their age; a large piece of blue material fastened under the arms by a girdle completes their costume. Their hair, plaited at the top of their head, serves as a porter's knot to break the weight of the burdens they constantly have to carry. Ladies of position wear trains of an almost European length.

The costumes of the nobles, when in mourning, deserves notice, as the Corean fashion has stood in good stead the Catholic missionary. Their hair, which is always worn long, is gathered up in a bag of grey stuff; when they go out, an immense straw hat, in the form of a truncated cone, comes down to their shoulders; and as if that were not concealment enough, they always carry a fan made of a grey veil, fixed on two sticks, which they hold before their face. Etiquette obliges them to keep up a semblance of profound grief, and they may always refuse to answer when spoken, and when on a journey they studiously avoid all company by the roads or at the inns. The European and native Catholic priests had therefore only to assume the garb of nobles in mourning to be almost secure from discovery.

Providence seems to have maintained this strange fashion to make the existence of the missionaries possible in the Corea. The only difficulty was the deeply-seated respect for nobility of birth, even among the Christians, which was offended by the assumptions of its emblems by foreigners, or by Corean priests who had no shadow of claim to them.

A few words will suffice for the short bill of fare of the Corean *cuisine*. Mutton is unknown; beef is only to be found at Seoul. Dogs' flesh is commonly used, and is said not to be unpleasant. But fish or meat of any sort are luxuries of the rich. Rice, prepared with pepper, some vegetable oil, and great quantities of salt, form the usual food, except a few vegetables—turnips, Chinese cabbage, to which we must add plantain and fern leaves, which are largely used. A sort of beer, made of fermented corn or rice, or rice water, is the common drink. Rice-brandy and tea are unknown to the poor. The universal pipe, smoked in season and out of season, makes up for the scanty delights of the table. We can well understand a European sinking under the fatigues of missionary life, when supported by such a dietary.



Such are, in a brief sketch, the characteristics of a country, which since 1866 has been hermetically sealed to the messengers of good tidings. Would that the glorious annals which the hand of M. Dallet has recorded could stir the great nation to which he belongs to break down the barrier, and give once again to the Christians of Corea their bishop and their priests, and to that degraded people the light and heat of the Cross of their Redeemer! Certainly few countries, if any, have to tell of such a painful apostolate, or of one which has had such success. Japan alone in later days can boast a martyrology at all to compare with that of Corea in the number of the slain, or in the heroism of those who died for Christ.

The pages of a periodical give space for little more than the barest outlines of a history of its earlier days, short, if we count the number of the years over which it extends, but long by reason of the multitude of heroic deeds and strange victories it has to record. It was only in 1592 that we hear for the first time of Corea, and much later, in 1791, that the first Christian missionary bearing a message to the Coreans came in their midst. But it was not the first time that Christian priests and Christian people had put foot on that distant peninsula. Augustin Arimandano, with a number of Christian nobles, at the head of a Japanese army in great part Christian, had been sent to invade Corea. The Jesuit Fathers who went with them conceived well-founded hopes, from the few opportunities they had of meeting the native population, that a rich harvest of souls would soon be gathered in among a people so docile, and yet so intelligent as they appeared to be. But before a twelve-month was over, the jealousy of the tyrant Emperor Taicosama was aroused. Augustin was recalled, and but a few years later the terrible persecution broke out in Japan which was to paralyze any efforts to evangelize the Coreans. That storm, however, produced the first fruits of her martyrs; for among the great multitude that died for their faith were several Coreans who, either as prisoners or slaves, had been brought from the mainland, and had gained in the land of captivity the freedom of Jesus Christ. One of these was a son of a chief officer of the King of Corea, who, directed evidently by God, had come to the tent of Augustin when but a boy of thirteen. He was educated by the Jesuits, and shared with them their apostolic labours, and afterwards their imprisonment. He underwent terrible torments, and then was led to the stake with Blessed

Father Paceco and two other Jesuit Fathers. Father Paceco was the Provincial, and at the young martyr's prayer received him into the Society before his death. They were beatified by Pius the Ninth, and their feasts are kept on the same day by the Society of Jesus.

The clouds closed once more upon Corea. The Ambassadors who came each year to Peking could not fail to hear of, and even to see, some of the missionaries, who were at this time high in favour at the Court of his Celestial Majesty; and in fact a tradition lingers in the land, that owing to the accounts which some of them brought home of the doctrines and practices of these European bonzes, one man was drawn to the faith, and if we may believe the story, retired to the mountains to pass his days in prayer, endeavouring to follow, according to his few lights, the teaching he had received. Perhaps the prayers of his martyr countrymen gained for him the grace of becoming a Christian by desire. His death is said to have occurred somewhere about 1790.

Be this as it may, before that date the blood shed in Japan bore evident and certain fruit. The books of the Europeans brought from Peking had formed the subject of the study of a number of Corean nobles who had met in an out-of-the-way pagoda to give themselves up to study and scientific research. Through the deep snow and pathless mountains, a gentleman of fortune who had heard of this gathering came to join them. He was of a family to whom important appointments in the army had become almost hereditary. Piek-i, so he was called, spite of his height and strength, which were those of a giant, spite of his parents' opposition, would not hear of the army—nothing would please him but books and study. It was thirst of knowledge which led him, in that winter of 1777, to the lone pagoda.

The clear teaching of Revelation, the lofty morals which it inculcated, came upon his soul like eyesight to the blind. A passionate thirst took hold of him to possess more of this wondrous knowledge. He could not rest till he had acquired the sacred books of the strangers. But as we have seen, to pass the frontiers was next to impossible. It was only in 1783, that one of Piek-i's fastest friends was appointed as an *attache* to the annual embassy to Peking. Seng-houn-i owed this intimacy no doubt to his likeness to his friend, for his life had been one not only of study, but of strict virtue. Piek-i broke to him

his long-conceived desire, and it was then for the first time that the young man—he was but twenty-seven—heard of something higher than his own philosophy; he read the books which his friend possessed, and got as strong a yearning for more light as his instructor. Corean accounts are supplemented by letters from a missionary in Pekin at that time, which tell us how the young *attaché* sought out the priests, and found, not only full teaching, and fresh books, but gained, at his earnest request, the precious gift of baptism. He took the name of Peter.

Anxiously did Piek-i expect his friend's return. At last the embassy returned, and with it Peter, bearing a precious treasure—numbers of works, doctrinal, devotional, and controversial, and a store of crucifixes and sacred pictures. Without priest, with but one Christian, and he but a neophyte, the faith spread quickly in the capital. And when Piek-i had received baptism, and taken the name of John Baptist, together with another friend, Francis Xavier Kouen, the three became apostles to those who dwelt outside the city. Few histories of the progress of faith in any land contain such strange events. The numbers of the faithful were yet but few, their faith but feeble, and the civil power began to use its power to repress the new religion. The Minister of Crimes, in 1785, arrested one of the *literati*, or class of interpreters, who only the year before had become a Christian. He put him to the torture in various ways, and then banished him to a distant province where he died, the first martyr on Corean soil, from the wounds he had received. The very pillar of the infant Church gave way, and fell. Piek-i, unnerved by the death of his father, who had killed himself out of despair at his son's abandonment of his country's belief, had listened to the expostulations of a false friend, and, though he never openly apostatized, withdrew altogether from the Christians. He died, tortured by remorse, in 1786. God only knows the secret of his last hour.

But the Christians held firm. Feeling the need of organization, and naturally ill-instructed as to the full doctrine of the sacraments, some of their leading men assumed the office and ministry of the priesthood, while Francis Xavier Kouen was chosen as bishop. The little flock were delighted at the celebration of what they believed to be the sacred mysteries. But before long a more careful study of their books gave rise to doubts, and doubts led to the certainty, that such self assumed

orders were worse than useless. The discovery tested the humility of Francis Xavier. But he, like the rest, at once put aside all pretensions to power and dignity, and they distinguished themselves from the other Christians only by their zeal in preaching and baptizing.

A courageous catechumen, however, volunteered to bear a letter to Mgr. Govea, the Bishop of Pekin. Again, under the cover of the embassy, did the little flock confer with the outer world; and baptized, confirmed, strengthened with the Bread of the Strong, Paul Ioun returned to Seoul, a pastoral letter from the bishop, written upon silk, being concealed upon his person. A second time he journeyed to Pekin, to implore their pastor to send priests into the new vineyards; and a second time he returned to gladden the hearts of the Corean Christians with promises of missionaries who were soon to follow them. He brought, as a pledge of their speedy arrival, all the things necessary for the Holy Sacrifice, and instructions how to prepare from the grape the wine for the altar, an art altogether unknown amongst their countrymen. One message, however, he brought, which for a time staggered the fidelity of many. The Bishop of Pekin sternly condemned the traditional rites, most sacred to Corean piety, in honour of their ancestors. The Holy See had decided against their lawfulness, but the decision was the source of most serious difficulty, as it ran counter to all that was best and most holy in the religion of Confucius. But the faith of most stood up even against this trial, and bore them through the first general persecution, which broke out soon after. Blood was shed, and other martyrs went up to plead before the Throne for their hard-pressed and close-beleaguered brethren.

The Bishop of Pekin had not, meantime, forgotten his promise. It had been arranged through some of the Corean embassy, that a party of Christians should go to the annual fair, which takes place on the Corean frontier, and that there they should meet and lead into the country a missionary, who would be awaiting them. A secular priest of Maçao, John de Remedios, started in 1791 for his perilous mission. He lingered about the booths and in the crowded streets for twenty weary days, but met no signs of recognition, and at last the fair closed, the embassy returned, and unwillingly he had to go back as he came with the merchants to Pekin. The effort had been made, the relief had reached the gates, but the fierceness of

the persecution prevented the besieged from stretching out a hand to their would-be deliverer.

It was then an hour of terrible trial for the Universal Church; but the martyr Pontiff, Pius the Sixth, read with the deepest interest letters which Mgr. Govea sent to him after the departure of the missionary. The Pope replied in words most affectionate and fatherly towards his new and suffering flock, committing them to the charge of the see of Pekin. The Bishop, in his new responsibility, shared the bitter disappointment of de los Remedios, and the continued silence of the Koreans, joined with vague rumours of persecution, made him fear the worst, when in 1793, to his delight, Paul Ioun, with another Christian fellow-countryman, arrived with the embassy, to implore that a missionary might return with them. A young Chinese priest, James Tsiou, was honoured with the dangerous commission. One cannot help comparing the arrival of this priest at Seoul with the arrival of Campion in London. It was only at the beginning of 1795 that he succeeded in reaching that city; and only on the Easter Sunday following that he was able to complete his preparations and to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. But a half-converted noble resolved to play the Judas, and denounced the stranger to the Government. St. Alban found an imitator in Corea. Suspicions of treason had been aroused, and the priest took flight. The Christian who was left to guard the house was of the class of interpreters, and spoke Chinese fluently; he determined to personate the missionary, and so turn his pursuers off the scent. He shaved his head, leaving only one long tress which he plaited into the fashion of a Chinese pig-tail. He was arrested, but the mistake was soon discovered, and the hunt renewed. The two brave souls who had brought the priest from Pekin were also seized, and brutal tortures employed to tear from them information about James Tsiou. Their only answer was a clear unswerving profession of the Christian faith. They were beaten most savagely, their limbs were disjointed, their knees smashed in, and at last the death-blow was given, and all three were crowned together. It was an heroic lady who gave shelter to the persecuted priest. She had left her home to come up to Seoul in order to minister to the faith of Christ, and, as it seems, at the wish of her husband, who did not wish to be compromised by her on the score of religion. For three months Colomba kept the missionary hidden closely in the wood-house, unknown to the rest of her

household, till at last she got the consent of her mother-in-law to receive him in their rooms, where the strict etiquette of the East protected him from the inroad of all pursuers. When all attempt to find the missing stranger was abandoned, and James Tsiou had learned lessons of caution, as well as the language and fashion of his adopted country, he resumed once more his ministry. Colomba was the guardian angel of the mission, her courage and prudence aided all his endeavours, and while he was surrounded by an invisible robe of secrecy, she was ever able to guide inquirers to him, while she herself became an apostle of the truth. The laws of the land permit no punishment to be inflicted on ladies of noble birth, except in case of rebellion; Colomba, therefore, could brave the royal edicts. She founded a school of young women, whom she trained up in Christian faith and practice, and who in their turn became mothers of Christian families, preachers of the truth to their husbands and parents. The faithful, who numbered four thousand before she set foot in Corea, in a few years were counted at ten thousand.

The work went on with the usual accompaniments of a like struggle, the weakness of those who seemed strong, the strength of those who seemed weak. Men who had made great sacrifices for Jesus Christ, men of character, culture, and courage, gave way and denied their Lord; and the timid and the ignorant bore disgrace and torture and death joyfully for their Master's sake. But so far the King had not ordered any general persecution. By what motives he was restrained from this it is not easy to say, perhaps out of fear lest he should compromise himself with foreign powers; at any rate, prevented by God, Who wished the young tree of Christianity to throw out deeper roots before being smitten by the full brunt of the storm. In 1800 the prince died a victim to the superstition, of which mention has been made, which forbids the hand of man to touch his sacred person. The lancet of a surgeon would have easily relieved a tumour from which he was suffering. But he was forced to bear it in silence, and it caused his death.

His son was too young to rule, and the regency fell into the hands of the late King's step-mother. Spite of the levelling despotism of Corea the nobles and politicians have their parties, and in no constitutional *regime* could political hatred be more fierce. The party which had found favour in the last reign had been the one amongst which the largest number of converts had



been recruited. The Queen Regent belonged to their most violent opponents. So that the gratification of State revenge added a motive of ferocity to that of hatred of the new faith.

No sooner were the rites of the royal funeral over—a period in which there is absolute holiday in government affairs, no business whatever is transacted, no political measures can be undertaken—than a decree appeared simply forbidding the Catholic religion in the State, and ordering every Government functionary to consider himself bound to aid in the carrying out its suppression. The judges were left at liberty to condemn all offenders without pity.

Then began again in Corea what the world has so often seen and wondered at, men and women giving up their lives with joy, and bearing torments as though they were rewards and favours. The leaders of the Christians were seized, even some who had abandoned their Faith were thrown into prison with them. Among these last, sad to say, was Peter Seng-houn-i, the first who had brought the Faith to Corea, who had received such an abundance of graces for himself at Peking, and who had been the channel of such blessings to so many. Sadder still to say, led like the others to the block, he died, but not like them, an apostate not a martyr. Another renegade, happier than the last, in return for repeated and public denial of his faith, had his sentence of death commuted into that of banishment. But as is the rule in Corea, before going into exile he was bastinadoed. The torture and the shame of his punishment aroused his dormant faith, and he frankly owned that his belief was that of Matthew Ni, Father Ricci, the famous Jesuit Missioner, the most distinguished of all those who brought the Faith to China. "I wish now to die for God, and by so doing to confess the truth of the Christian faith." The Regent ordered him to be fearfully tortured, and as he afterwards washed the blood away that flowed from his wounds, he exclaimed—"Now I am happy. Now my heart is at ease." When he was dead it was remembered that Luke had, spite of an official appointment which he held, and of the constant occupations which it occasioned, never omitted to say his rosary. This act of fidelity to our Blessed Mother gained him his crown.

Soon the nets of the pursuers were stretched so closely around the devoted priest, so nearly was he watched, that no chance appeared of his being able to be of service to the

stricken flock; and feeling that his presence among them only led to fresh arrests and to fiercer tortures inflicted with the view to discover his hiding-place, he determined to fly the country. It is said that he had reached the banks of the river that forms the boundary between China and Corea, when a sudden inspiration, it could hardly be anything else, made him turn back to the capital. A good Christian, who was persuaded that he could not remain there long in safety, prepared two hiding-places for him in the country; but Colomba, the brave and faithful Pudentiana of her day, declared that no human ingenuity could discover the priest in the palace of the King's aunt, where he was at the time. She herself, in fact, and several of her relations were seized, but no torture could wring from them the slightest word as to the place of concealment. A female slave at last acknowledged that Father Tsiou had been in her mistress' house, and gave a full description of his appearance.

The news of his betrayal reached him. He felt that no chance was left of saving his life, so he put on the dress of a Christian and left the house at early morning. One of his flock followed him and tried to bring him back, but in vain, and he was soon lost in the crowd. He was going to the prison, and there he openly avowed to the magistrates who he was and demanded that he might die. It was on Trinity Sunday, May 31, 1801, that he was executed, and the light of the Catholic ministry went out in Corea.

The heroic Colomba Kim followed him to heaven a month or so later. The hideous torture of breaking the bones of her legs did not wring a complaint from her lips. She went on with her work of preaching the faith spite of her shattered limbs. She held up the courage of her son-in-law which threatened to give way before the torments he had to endure. The news of Father Tsiou's triumph reached her in prison, and she tore off a piece of her silk dress to write on it what she knew of his saintly life. This doubly precious relic was lost by the neglect of a Christian woman to whom she had confided it.

The preparation for martyrdom was to her like the vigil of a great festival, and the prison became a sanctuary of prayer. On the 3rd of July, Colomba with four companions, ladies of the palace, offered their necks to the headsman. Her stepson, whose faith she had strengthened, followed her on the 4th of October.

While the sword of persecution was mowing down all the choicest souls of the Corean Church, Alexander, one among the first of the native Christians, a favourite of the late King, and a scholar, constructed for himself a sort of catacomb where, unknown to all but one or two staunch friends, he composed a long letter to the Bishop of Peking. This still exists and has an immense value as the record of an eye-witness who was thoroughly capable of making a careful and correct account of the persecution. He owns that though the old saying of *sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum* may be true in some cases, he points to Japan as an instance to the contrary. It was easy to be depressed before so apparently conclusive an exception. May God in His goodness grant that neither in Japan nor in Corea the saying may prove false! The writer pleads earnestly for another priest, and he assured the Bishop that the experience the Christians had acquired would enable them to conceal him so effectually that the authorities would not succeed in arresting him. Having no idea of the state of things in Europe in 1801, he suggested that the Pope should request the Emperor of China to establish freedom of conscience in his empire, little doubting that his prayer would be at once acceded to, and that Corea would not dare to be in opposition to its powerful neighbour and liege lord.

Another paragraph was destined to be fatal to its author and the Corean Church. He proposed that an army of sixty thousand Christians should invade Corea and so free their brethren in faith from the oppression which they were enduring. The letter was signed by one Thomas, who had been a devoted ally of Father Tsiou, and had several times bore the risks and hardships of a journey to Peking in his behalf. Thomas was to be the bearer of the letter and he found another to accompany him. But before he could leave he was seized and thrown into prison. For reasons which, with the difficulty of gaining exact information, cannot be discovered, he revealed the hiding-place of Alexander, as some have thought, in the hopes of thus by one victim staying the persecution.

It was no easy matter, however, to penetrate the well-contrived hiding-place, but at length the soldiers found their way in, and the criminating letter was actually found upon the person of Alexander. It was like the Gunpowder Plot in the history of the Catholic Church in England. The idea of a few, an idea forced upon them in self-defence by the relentless

fury of their persecutors, and apparently not altogether without some political motive—from the hatred of the dominant faction—the suggestion cast a stain over the pure teaching of the Christian faith, and as in England, made even those who were not unfriendly on religious grounds, regard every Christian as a natural enemy of the liberty and very existence of their country.

The Emperor of China had meanwhile heard of the execution of one of his subjects, and the Government of Corea wrote a long despatch defending its conduct and complaining of the European Christians in Pekin. It accused them of seducing from their allegiance the *attachés* of their Embassy, and of sowing the seeds of treason—for religion was treason in Corea as in England—which had found its way even into the royal family. The Chinese reply, as was given by the Corean authorities, said not a word about the main point at issue, and so we may suppose that the passage on Father Tsiou was suppressed by them. But it roundly denied the statements about the Pekin Christians, though the Celestial Government could not have been ignorant of their truth. The Regent at once sent a splendid present to appease the offended Majesty of the Sovereign of heaven.

A royal proclamation was issued, which carried to every part of Corea the condemnation of the Christian Faith, and after two hundred martyrs had perished, all of them the noblest and most learned among the believers, the conflagration began to die out. But the very proclamation was a means of making known to all the existence of a faith so noble and so precious that both men and women of the highest birth and of the best education cheerfully threw away their lives for its sake; while the poor exiles by their virtue and patience preached silently to all the same fact. So for ten years more the faith of the poor abandoned and decimated flock lurked among the mountains and in the distant provinces. Now and again a victim was called for, and the blood of a succession of martyrs kept up the cry for mercy upon Corea. The Government, persuaded that the sect need only be left alone to die of exhaustion, grew more and more lenient. The lull of the storm gave fresh courage to the faithful, and a life of fresh fervour began to stir in the smitten and weakened frame. Apostates stole back to the fold, and a new effort was tried to make the cry for help be heard by their pastor, the Bishop of Pekin.

In 1812 Monsignor Pirès, the Lazarist Bishop of Nankin,

administrator of Pekin, received with the profoundest joy two Corean Christians, who had come with letters to the Sovereign Pontiff and to the Bishop of Pekin. When we consider the circumstances under which they were written, the allusions to Holy Scripture and to the lives of the saints show how well these poor people had profited by the small opportunities they had enjoyed. The letter to the Pope is of considerable length and full of interest; it shows a practical turn of mind, a thorough grasp of the Faith, and an earnest desire both to obtain freedom of religion for themselves and to extend its advantages to their fellow-countrymen. The whole would be well worth reproduction, indeed we cannot doubt that M. Dallet's entire work would, if carefully edited, excite great interest in England, even with those who are outside the Church. The illustrious Pius the Seventh read the missive in his prison at Fontainbleau. The persecution in China, the state of religion in Europe, absolutely precluded the possibility of any help being sent at the moment to the ill-fated Church of Corea. Again and again the blood of martyrs went up, pleading to that Sacred Heart which, though It delays, cannot refuse to grant such petitions.

The last expedition to Pekin had been costly to the poverty-stricken Christians, and its expenses had only been paid by selling at a great price the books and other religious objects that the envoys had brought back. But with fresh exertions and fresh sacrifices they sent once more to their bishop, to meet once more the refusal he was forced to give. One of the two envoys took this disappointment so deeply to heart, that judging it humbly to be the punishment of his own sins, he retired to the mountains to aim at greater holiness and there he died soon after.

No disappointment seemed however to daunt them. No difficulty could turn these souls, thirsting for the waters of life, yearning for the sacraments, from their constant prayer for priests. Again and again they appeared at Pekin, to be sent home again with nothing but distant, unrealized hopes. At last in 1824 one of these courageous messengers wrote from Pekin another letter to the Pope. But before it was sent, Mgr. Pirès, unable to resist any longer such heroic perseverance, promised that the following year they should have a priest. All was made ready, trusty persons were sent to meet him. But no priest came—the Bishop had been utterly unable to maintain his engagement.

At last Gregory the Sixteenth determined to erect Corea into a vicariate apostolic, and Mgr. Bruguière, who had been labouring in Siam, set out with a Chinese priest, educated at Naples, to enter on his mission. The difficulties only increased as the hour of deliverance drew near. The Chinese contrived to cross the frontier, but it would have been better had he not been born. Mgr. Bruguière, after a long and weary journey, thwarted by his unworthy subject, impeded by his ignorance of Chinese language and Chinese customs, died at the frontiers, and the gallant French father who at last penetrated into Corea had to exert his authority against the very man who should have been his fellow-workman in the vineyard. In 1836 the unfortunate man re-passed the frontier, and a second priest of the Missions Etrangères came to take his place. The total number of Christians proved to be far below the numbers that had been stated, but six thousand now remained. The labours of the missionaries soon raised the number to nine thousand.

Such was the state of things when in 1838 a bishop, Mgr. Imbert, at last crossed the frontier, and a new epoch began for that marvellous Church. Its later persecutions, its second burial, the silence of the tomb which has again settled upon it since 1866, are facts of more recent history, and are all told, in a fulness of detail which leaves nothing to be desired, by the first historian of the Church of Corea.

F. G.



## *Commentaries on Public Affairs.*

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### I.—PEACE OR WAR?

PUBLIC attention has lately been called in more ways than one to the extreme insecurity on which the present peace of Europe rests. It is unnecessary for us to dwell on the particular facts which give rise to this insecurity. Europe recognizes no guiding power, no representative of justice and right, no vindicator of the law of peace and honesty. The principle that might makes right is all but consecrated by universal acquiescence, or rather, it is acted upon by one great power after another without protest from the rest, each of which appears to wait its own time to satisfy its greed or its ambition at the expense of its neighbours. The weaker States are disappearing from the map, as their influence has already disappeared from the practical counsels of Europe. The strong States are all occupied in making themselves still stronger: in multiplying armies, accumulating the materials for warfare, forcing all ranks and classes of the population to undergo what has now become the disgraceful slavery of military service, to which the interests of civilization are in every way sacrificed. The fields may go untilled, the looms may stand still, the resources of the soil may go undeveloped, the school may be neglected, the church left unserved, the intellectual pursuits on which the progress of humanity depends may be abandoned, but the armies of the Three Emperors must run on their race. If the armies which are now counted by hundreds of thousands of men are never put in motion, if no conflict issues from so much preparation for mutual slaughter, it will still be an eternal disgrace to the European rulers of the nineteenth century that so much had to be sacrificed to the military spirit, and if these armies do meet in conflict the disgrace will be still greater.

Every now and then, as has been the case in the last few weeks, the portion of mankind which still calls itself the civilized world wakes up to the feeling that what happened

in 1859, in 1866, and in 1870, may happen again, and Europe be once more deluged in blood on account of the ambitious policy of some half a dozen men. How can it be otherwise? The natural issue of all this preparation for war must be war itself, especially if there be at the helm of power men of restless ambition, and unscrupulous as to the means which they use to gain a coveted end. The centre of European action, for the moment, is Germany, and Germany has of late shown signs of restlessness and aggressiveness which cannot be mistaken. She is engaged at home in an iniquitous attempt to enslave the Church, or, what is the same thing, to stamp out Catholicism. She has passed law after law of a kind quite as disgraceful as any of those penal enactments of the Elizabethan period in England, the justice of which excites the admiration of Mr. Gladstone. But she has hitherto entirely failed to make any impression upon her Catholic subjects. Bishop after bishop has gone to prison or suffered fines and confiscation, priests have been imprisoned or exiled by the hundreds, but nowhere have the people failed to rally to their lawful pastors, and nowhere have the Catholic laity in any appreciable numbers shown the slightest inclination for the State religion, of which Prince Bismarck desires to make himself the Pope. The persecution now threatens to extend itself to the laity also, and we can have little doubt that Prince Bismarck promises himself some victims at least there. It is indeed a hard trial for a population of loyal subjects, desirous to serve their country in the ordinary ways which are open to all, to have some Satanically-contrived "oath of allegiance" presented to them as a condition of what is to them almost social existence itself. We venture to hope, however, with the utmost confidence, that apostates will be few indeed, if ever the German persecutors of the Church attempt in this respect to follow the example of the English Government of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Meanwhile, the internal strain on Germany is becoming almost intolerable, and an astute and unscrupulous statesman may well be imagined to be looking wistfully for an occasion to plunge his country into war, as a means of escape from the tension at home. War might make the patriotic sentiment predominant among the people, and if it did not carry them into a hurried adhesion to the Government in its moment of danger, it might at all events furnish a pretext for a suspense of the internecine conflict between the State and Church. But

Germany has other reasons for disquiet, which might possibly have their full weight even if the failure of the ecclesiastical policy at home did not operate as a motive for some violent change or diversion. The ungenerous severity with which Germany treated France at the end of the late war is now producing its natural effects upon both countries. France is recovering her strength with a rapidity which causes terrible uneasiness at Berlin. Count Moltke has told the German Parliament that they must prepare themselves to defend for the next fifty years the conquered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which threaten to be to the German Empire what Lombardy and Venetia were to the Austrian. Germany has dismembered France instead of merely chastising her, and she is now feeling the consequences, while France, though governed with extreme prudence and moderation, and keeping perfectly within her right in the reorganization of her forces, cannot be expected to forget how near Metz is to Paris, even nearer strategically than in actual distance, and that two of her finest provinces have been torn from her against their will as against hers. Germany, or rather German statesmen and military leaders, feel towards France in the same way as Rome towards Carthage after she had once been defeated and humbled. They look upon her natural growth and inevitable recovery as a certain menace to themselves, and they are inclined to cry out for war at once, while war may yet be made with a evident prospect of advantage to themselves.

These considerations are enough to show that war may at any time become, or seem to become, a necessity for Germany, and whenever her statesmen and soldiers are convinced of this, we may be quite sure of two things. One of these is, that war will be made, unless the strong intervention of other European powers makes it evident that Germany will have to fight single-handed against such a coalition as that which put down the insolent tyranny of the First Napoleon; and the other is, that the most admirable reasons will be discovered for the step, which will be represented as forced upon the reluctant Cabinet of Berlin by the unprovoked aggressions of ambitious and dangerous foes. For there are two powers which alone have any terrors for modern European politicians—brute force and public opinion. It might be considered that the respect which is still shown for public opinion by the men of whom we speak does them some credit, if it were not for the notorious fact that

they spend large sums of money, and think no underhand dealings too disgraceful for the purpose of creating the public opinion which they profess to revere, but of which they are still afraid, because in the end it has a good deal to do with the management of the brute force which is their other object of reverence. There are, however, some things which even modern politicians cannot effect, by fair means or foul. Providence rules the hearts of kings and the destinies of nations, and there is still in Europe a public conscience which severely judges the unscrupulous men to whose influence, for their sins, one people after another is subjected, and which of late years has had many painful and well-remembered opportunities of estimating at its right moral value the detestable hypocrisy which seems to be a peculiar characteristic of the prominent men of the present time.

It is only a few weeks ago that Europe seemed to become aware that the moment at which war was necessary for Germany was near at hand. The "Belgian incident," coming after other demonstrations of a like temper, seems both to have startled and alarmed public opinion. Every one knows how serious the danger appeared which was either to be brought to a head or dissipated by the few words which might pass between four great personages, when the Emperors of Russia and Germany and their two Ministers met at Berlin. What is perhaps more striking than the alarm into which the world was thrown, was the ease with which the same world accepted the tidings that the danger was over. Europe turned on its shoulder, and was ready to go to sleep again in a moment. What passed between the Emperors and their Ministers is, according to common opinion, public property; but there will always be suspicious souls still unconvinced, who will say that of the elements of danger which existed before the meeting not one has been removed. Nor can it be any great safeguard to peace, that the word of the Emperor of Russia has been enough to stop the outbreak of Germany. It follows from that, that if the word had been different, the outbreak would not have been stopped. The peace of the world, then, rests upon the interest or policy of a single monarch, or let us say rather, of a single great Empire, which has its own ambition, its own path to conquest to carve out, and which has already intimated on more than one occasion that its entrance on that path is a mere question of time.

It is a great thing, no doubt, if all that is said to have been achieved by the visit of the Emperor Alexander has been really done. Providence has then used him and his present great position in Europe in the interests of peace, and to check, moreover, in a decided manner, at least for the moment, the aggressive action of the power which is now the great persecuting power in the world, the enemy of the Church and of society. If there had been an immediate conflict, or if the rulers of France had felt their cause so hopeless as to have been inclined to submit without a blow to German dictation, the sympathies of all that is good and religious in Europe would have gathered round the great and unfortunate nation, in whose welfare the best hopes of the Church and of society have so often been bound up. Indeed, slowly it may be, but surely also, France has regained the good wishes of Europe in proportion as Germany has lost them. The latter power is feared on every side, but nowhere trusted or loved. Her policy has become more and more the expression of the insolent pride and blinded arrogance which are the harbingers of coming humiliation in successful persecutors. The real weakness of Germany has been entirely occasioned by the policy which Prince Bismarck has forced upon her since the French war. He has created her internal wounds, and roused the alarms and suspicions of all her neighbours by a system of bullying unworthy of any truly great power, and which in him seems to betoken the desire to pick a quarrel in order to swallow up still more of what belongs to others. His position in Europe and towards the Church is singularly like that of Napoleon the First in the years which immediately preceded his downfall. What may be the power which, under Providence is to strike down the persecutor of our time, no man can venture to predict. But it is certain that all the elements of the catastrophe are present; the intoxicated pride, the headlong reckless aggressiveness of the victim, the suspicious fear and dislike of all around him, the political necessity urging him on because it is unsafe to pause, and the law of God's providence, which has already filled the pages of human history with so many successive instances of the signal chastisement of those who seem by their acts almost to challenge God to show before the world whether He can defend His Church or not.

For these reasons we cannot consider that there is much wisdom or prudence in the lightheaded serenity which has so

suddenly taken the place of alarm as to the intention of Germany. There is often a break in the clouds before the tempest is over, a break which is succeeded by a renewal of its fury, though but for a short time. Thankful as we may be for any influence which the Emperor Alexander may have exercised in the direction of peace, it would be foolish to consider what has passed as more than such a break in the clouds. It may mean very much, if it means that Russia will treat as an act of hostility any aggression of Germany or France, present or future. But it would be sanguine indeed to put such an interpretation upon it.

#### II.—NEW MEASURES OF PERSECUTION IN GERMANY.

Meanwhile, the persecution in Germany itself goes on with unabated rigour. We need hardly go into the details of the laws which have been lately passed in the Prussian Parliament, withdrawing all the aid which the State, in virtue of its own engagements and in obedience to the Constitution, has granted to the bishops and clergy in restitution for the seizures of Church property in the first decades of the present century, and proscribing and banishing those religious orders which had been hitherto left untouched. It is characteristic of the Bismarckian policy that the law of disendowment is not to be applied to the clergy who take an oath which implies apostacy from Christianity, pledging them to obey whatever laws the State may pass—an oath which would bind them to accept Buddhism or Mahometanism to-morrow, if it should suit the Government to turn Buddhist or Mahometan. Equally characteristic is the careful manner in which the Church is to be held fast in the hands of the State even after all the State aid has been withdrawn, and characteristic also are the other moves in the game which have been made by the Prussian Chancellor, such as the publication of the circular about the Papal election, in which the most glaring falsehoods have been solemnly asserted with reference to the effect of the late Vatican definition and the dogma of Pontifical Infallibility on the independence of the bishops, and consequently on the relations of the civil power all over the world to the Holy See and the bishops in the several Christian countries. The Pastoral Letter of the English hierarchy, which was read in all the churches in this country on the Sunday after Ascension Day, points out the manner in which Prince Bismarck has here openly



contradicted his own statements as to the grounds of the policy of Germany, made at an earlier period of the present conflict; and the same Pastoral has laid before the English-speaking portion of the Catholic world the manly confutation, by the German bishops, of the Chancellor's misrepresentations as to the effect of the Vatican decisions, as well as the Holy Father's letter in commendation of the same bishops.

Catholics here and elsewhere will naturally be eager to know the exact effect of the most recent legislation in Prussia on the condition of the clergy. The actual condition to which the bishops, chapters, and parochial clergy will be reduced cannot, we believe, be accurately ascertained until it is seen how the law is applied. The present *status* of the various orders of the clergy as to revenue varies in different parts of the Prussian dominions, as in some places there exist Church lands which are administered for the benefit of the incumbents, while in others they are entirely dependent upon the allowance which the State has agreed to make as a sort of amends for its large spoliations. Again, it may not be at once seen whether the new oaths, which no Catholic certainly can take, will be administered indiscriminately, to the lower clergy as well as to the higher. Up to the present time the German Catholics have been called upon to support between one and two thousand priests who have been deprived of their incomes and benefices for the sake of the Faith.

Should the Government proceed to the full length of the tyrannical law which the Prussian Liberals have now aided it to pass, there will be at least four or five thousand parish priests deprived of their sustenance, and the same may probably be said of the bishops and chapters. It must be remembered that it is a part of the miserable bureaucratic system which prevails in so many continental countries, that even alms for the support of the clergy cannot be collected without the permission of the police, and it is not drawing very largely on the imagination to see that it is quite certain that Prince Bismarck will take care that no collections for the purpose above named be permitted in Prussia. There can, therefore, be no public appeals, no meetings, no combined efforts to keep the confessors of the Faith from starvation. At least, there can be none in Germany and where Prince Bismarck's influence extends—and he is quite capable of considering the expression of sympathy for the victims of his tyranny on the part of

Belgian, Dutch, French, or Austrian Catholics as an occasion for diplomatic warnings to the Governments of their respective countries against permitting their subjects to support the enemies of Germany. In England, Scotland, Ireland, and America we are happy to say that Catholics may feel secure against the big words of the Chancellor, and that if their natural sympathy for their brethren in Germany, who are now undergoing the same kind of treatment which our own forefathers had to suffer, should chance to offend Prince Bismarck, he will certainly have to think twice before he takes a step which might arouse against him the public opinion of the Anglo-Saxon race all over the world. We have mentioned that the English hierarchy has already spoken out boldly and plainly on the subject of the circular lately published, while, for their part, it is understood that the English Cabinet said a few strong and plain words as to the danger which might be incurred by the wanton disturbance of peace.

It is quite certain that English, Irish, and American Catholics will be willing and eager to help, to the utmost of their power, the persecuted priests of Germany, as soon as the time shall come for an appeal to be made to them on the subject. It is possible, also, that our country, and others under similar conditions, may have to open wide the arms of hospitality to the exiled religious of various orders whom Prince Bismarck cannot any longer suffer to breathe the same air with himself. It is said that although the religious orders which are devoted to works of mercy and charity are exempted for the moment from the operation of the new law, they will still leave Prussian ground, at the instigation of the bishops, rather than submit to the thousand vexations, impertinences, and cruelties to which they will be exposed at the hands of the police. In the same way, we feel certain that many religious bodies would leave this country rather than undergo the petty indignities and vexatious inspection to which it is the object of Mr. Newdegate's life to subject them. If what is thus thought probable actually happen in Germany, there will not only be a large and pressing call made upon our charity to help the priests, but the country may have once again, as in the time of the first French Revolution, the opportunity of winning countless graces for itself by its hearty reception of the exiled religious communities. We are at present reaping the benefit of the generous charity which was shown in this country at the end of the last century, and

if we are called upon now to imitate those exertions, we may be sure that in due time we, or those who may come after us, are intended by the goodness of Providence to gain thereby greater blessings than any that we may be the means of bestowing.

III.—THREATENED SCHISM IN THE "IRISH CHURCH BODY."

It is probable that Catholics in Ireland and England have hardly taken much interest in the discussions which have now for some time been continued in what is called the Synod of the Disestablished Church Body in Ireland. They are, however, not without their importance, in showing the inevitable tendency of communities of that kind to gravitate in the direction of unbelief, as soon as the repressing but at the same time conservative grasp of the State upon them is relaxed.

Every one knows that the Anglican Prayer-book is a compromise, and that it contains here and there many shreds of a more Catholic system than that which is practically in force among the clergy and laity of Anglicanism. It enjoins fasts and abstinences, it opens the door to confession, it speaks in the Ordination Service of the absolving power of the priesthood, it plays fast and loose even with the doctrine of the Real Presence. It was inevitable that as soon as the Irish Church Body was set free to govern itself, attacks should be made by the more Protestant party upon these relics of Popery left by the framers of the Prayer-book with the seeming purpose of entrapping people of Catholic sympathies by the appearance of some amount of respect for antiquity and high doctrine. From a Catholic point of view, these small relics of orthodoxy amid a mass of heresy, these vestiges of Catholic practices in a system essentially and in principle a system of revolt against authority and rejection of unity, could not in any way obliterate the character of the whole system. The Reformers may not have been consciously dishonest in leaving them, but they were certainly snares and pitfalls, excuses for souls who recognized to some extent the claims of antiquity and unity to remain in rebellion against the Church of God.

As a practical question, we can have no particular reason for wishing the Church of England to have fewer of these vestiges in her system than she has, for the more minute her particles of Catholicism become, the less is she able to do even

the partial service of a witness to truths the principle of which she denies. It is not, therefore, with any feeling of triumph that we record the success of what is called the revisionist party in the Irish "synod." In the session of this assembly which ended in the middle of May, several decisive alterations in the Prayer-book were carried, and it is evidently the intention of the majority to proceed still further in the elimination of what they consider the remains of Popery from these formulas. The extent to which the alteration has gone is thus summed up by one of the defeated party—

The Athanasian Creed has been mutilated—even the article confessing the necessity to salvation of right belief in the Incarnation of the Lord Jesus Christ having been excluded from it. The doctrine of the Eucharist has been depraved by the introduction of a garbled quotation from the Twenty-eight Article into the Catechism; in the service for the Visitation of the Sick the altered form of Absolution, together with the omission of the preceding rubric, directly contradict our Lord's words as still applied in the Office for the Ordination of Priests; while the whole book is encumbered with a multitude of petty alterations in the highest degree frivolous and vexatious, accompanied with a crowd of new prayers and new services, ill-conceived and ill-written—duller even, than such sudden compositions usually are.<sup>1</sup>

These alterations have been opposed in vain by the Anglican Primate, Dr. Trench, who has even intimated that unless some method is discovered of tempering their force, he may have to decline to use the new Prayer-book. We imagine that a very easy compromise will settle the matter as far as Dr. Trench and others like him are concerned, and that they will resign themselves to their lot as soon as they as individuals are not bound to use any but their old forms. Such is the usual result of these troubles among Anglicans. The High Church begin by claiming exclusive possession as of right for themselves, and end by "agreeing to differ," both sides being tolerated. It is curious, however, to see what a commotion the changes of which we have been speaking have made in the High Church camp on this side of St. George's Channel. Dr. Pusey and Canon Liddon, evidently acting in concert as the leaders of the party, have both written to Dr. Lee, offering him subscriptions for a new church, on condition that some guarantee is given that the unaltered Prayer-book will be exclusively used in it. This is evidently the first step to a

<sup>1</sup> Archdeacon Lee in the *Guardian*, May 19.

schism in the "Irish Church Body"—which may very likely come to nothing, on account of some such compromise as that which we have supposed possible. On the other hand, as the Irish Church Body is no longer an Establishment, its natural fate would be disintegration. What has happened in Ireland, would undoubtedly happen in England also, if the Church were disestablished. Perhaps it is the consciousness of this which makes Dr. Pusey so fierce. Fierce his letter certainly is, and in this respect in marked contrast to the calm tone of self-command which characterizes the companion letter of Canon Liddon. If strong epithets are evidence of the predominance of temper over reason in a speech or in a document, then it must be allowed that there is very considerable evidence for this predominance in the letter of Dr. Pusey. The proceedings of the Synod, he tells his correspondent, remind him of the attempts of the Arians to supplant the Nicene Creed by creeds of their own. We imagine he need not have gone further back than the England of the Reformation for a more legitimate precedent for the late proceedings in Ireland. But then the Thirty-nine Articles and the Anglican Prayer-book, the result of deliberations by no means so free and straightforward as those of 1875 in Dublin, are the standards of Dr. Pusey's own faith. The Arian creeds, he says, were framed to "convey to the ear something like the truth, but in fact denying it." An exact description of more than one passage in the Anglican formularies. At least we have as much right to impute this intention to their framers as Dr. Pusey has to impute it to the Irish revisionists. "If the Puritan party had nakedly proposed the denial of all sacramental truth, the conflict would have been intelligible, and the tyranny of imposing this denial on their fellow-Churchmen would have shocked men's minds. As it is, by ambiguous formulæ, which do not speak out their mind, they would make the Irish Church a mere Presbyterian body," &c.

We have always understood it to be Dr. Pusey's contention, that the Anglican "formulæ" were framed with a distinct view of including different opinions. It is on the strength of this fact, real or supposed, that he rests his allegiance to the Articles. Cannot he put on these new "ambiguous formulæ" the same sort of interpretation which he puts on those of the sixteenth century? Let him try. He once declared that the Church of England would forfeit her claim to Catholicism if she did

not repudiate the Gorham judgment, which allowed an "ambiguous" meaning in the Baptismal Service. But Dr. Pusey afterwards discovered that the Baptismal Service still witnessed sufficiently to the Catholic doctrine to satisfy him, and that he had not noticed this before, because he usually worshipped in a Cathedral where the Baptismal Service was seldom or never used. We feel sure that he could find a way of satisfying himself that the new Irish "formulae" at least tolerate orthodoxy. And yet here he is in a passion because they do seem to tolerate it!

We say "in a passion," because of the redundancy of strong epithets which stud the lines of his letter. The new Prayer-book is only mentioned once without a bad name. It is first "dishonest"—we suppose this means that Dr. Pusey imputes "dishonesty" to its framers?—then it is "faith-destroying," then it is "deformed," then it is "this changeling of a Prayer-book," then we are told of the "proposed" "whited sepulchre" of this "truth-destroying Prayer-book." After all, when we consider how much Dr. Pusey and those who act with him have had to bear, and how many things there are already in the Prayer-book which they would like altered, is it not unwise for them to attempt to foster a "High Church schism" in the "Irish Church Body" for just a little more of trial to their patience? And we believe that the attempt will fail. The High Church party in Ireland may retire from the "Church Body," but they are not likely to set up a rival Communion, especially when they have but to cross St. George's Channel to be at peace.

Or, is all this storm over the Irish Prayer-book got up not without the thought that it may be good to prepare the public mind for a similar storm in England? July will soon be upon us, and then there may come some troubles to the High Church party in the matter of ritual. Would Dr. Pusey like to see Dr. Trench put himself at the head of a "Free Church of Ireland," to which the discontented subjects of the Anglican bishops may look as a possible ark of refuge?



## *Catholic Review.*

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### I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers.* Second Series. The Life of Father Weston, and Fall of Anthony Tyrrell. Edited by John Morris, S.J. Burns and Oates.

To those who have read Father Morris' former works, and few Catholics we would hope can be found who have not, the announcement of the publication of this new volume will be welcome news. Nor will they find their expectations of meeting with matter of deep interest in its pages at all disappointed. It fully sustains the high character for research and painstaking accuracy by which Father Morris' books are distinguished. The present goodly volume contains the Life of Father William Weston, S.J., and an account prepared for publication by Father Persons of the Fall of the unhappy Anthony Tyrrell, whose repeated relapses into heresy gave so much scandal, and were productive of such deplorable results in the early stages of the fierce persecution to which Catholics were subjected during the reign of Elizabeth. We shall confine our present notice to the Life of Father Weston.

The chief sources from which this life is drawn, are manuscripts in the possession of Stonyhurst College; especially a transcript made in Rome by Father Grene in 1689, of such works of Father Persons as were then unpublished, and Father Weston's Autobiography. The original of this Autobiography in Father Weston's own hand still exists, though unfortunately a portion towards the end has been lost. There is also a copy existing made by Father John Laurenson, which though disfigured by some liberties taken with the original in the way of correcting the latinity, is yet valuable, and that more especially as the sense of the original has been preserved, in helping towards the interpretation of several leaves that have partially perished, though entirely legible in his time. Besides these another manuscript Life of Father Weston has been used, which is to be found in the archives of the Gesù. This Life was written in Spanish, by Father de Peralta, Rector of the English College at Seville, in 1615, the year of Father Weston's death, when forty years had elapsed since the writer's first acquaintance with the subject of his memoir. Father Morris gives the Autobiography of Father Weston in

full, so far as it is left to us; but he has frequently interrupted the narrative by the insertion of illustrative matter from the State Papers in the Public Record Office. This method somewhat breaks the flow of the story, a defect, however, which is amply compensated for by the valuable matter thus introduced. Besides, it carries with it the advantage of testing the statements contained in Father Weston's Autobiography by a comparison with unquestioned sources of historical knowledge, and consequently of enhancing the value of Father Weston's work from the fact that it passes safely through the ordeal.

William Weston was a Kentish man, and though ten years his junior, a contemporary of Father Campion at Oxford, where they are said to have been personally acquainted. Forced to leave England for the sake of their religion, they met again at the newly-founded seminary of Douay in 1572. After some time spent at Douay, the desire to enter the Society of Jesus drew Weston to Rome, whither Campion had already preceded him. He travelled on foot to Rome, a journey of four hundred leagues, to ask admission into the Society; a journey no doubt very different in its events and accompaniments to what it is in these railway days. Weston was accompanied by John Lane, an Oxford Master of Arts, who like himself was seeking admittance into the Society.

It is pleasant to record the nature of the relations of Douay with the Society at that period. "The friendship," says Father Morris, "that subsisted between the great Seminary of Douay, the mother of the English secular clergy, and the Society of Jesus was close and most edifying. When Father Weston left Douay he made a gift to the Seminary of all that he possessed. On the other side it is charming to see how his old friends at Douay rejoiced in his vocation to the happy life of religion. "On the 5th of April, 1576," we translate from the Douay Diary, "four of ours who left us half a year ago on a pilgrimage to Rome, have returned to us again, and to the great joy of our souls they have told us that Mr. William Weston and Mr. Lane, honourable men of great promise (who about the same time left for Rome on pilgrimage), have there entered the Society of Jesus." And in the list of priests ordained and sent on the mission there is a not less friendly entry. "In the year 1575, two priests entered the Society of Jesus, men of weight, Mr. Thomas Robinson, of Lincoln, and Mr. Thomas Marshall, of York; also Mr. William Weston, of Canterbury, not yet a priest, but learned and very pious."

Weston then evidently entered the Society as soon as he reached Rome, for he was received at St. Andrew's on the 5th of November, 1575, being then twenty-five years of age, as he was born in 1550. In the Novitiate he met not a few Oxford associates. Besides Persons, of Balliol, and Lane, of Corpus, there were Henry Garnet, the future martyr, Giles Wallop, and Thomas Stephens, of the same University, within the walls of St. Andrew's, during the period of Weston's noviceship. In 1576, Father Weston was sent to Montilla, in Spain, to finish

his noviceship, and to qualify himself to hear the confessions of his countrymen at the ports of Cadiz and St. Lucar. He finished his theology at the College of Cordova, where his holy life gave great edification during his three years residence. He was ordained priest in 1579, and was soon after sent to Cadiz and St. Lucar, where for about two years he zealously exercised his sacred ministry amongst both English and Spaniards. After spending some time at Seville, he was finally summoned to the toils and perils of the English mission in 1584.

Father Morris gives a full and highly interesting account of the progress of the English mission up to the time of Weston's landing, as well as of its actual condition on his arrival in England. One important point is brought out, on the authority of Father Persons, in connection with the prospects of the Church in Scotland in 1582. The Duke of Lennox, at that time Governor of Scotland, and of the young King, was supposed to be Catholicly disposed, and overtures were made by Father William Crichton and Father Edmund Hay. Great hopes were excited, but, says Father Persons, "The Queen of England, mistrusting the Duke of Lennox, for that he was Catholicly given, caused him to be taken by a sleight of hunting in Scotland, and the King to be taken from him, himself to go to France by England, where he was poisoned as is supposed, for that he died as soon as he arrived in Paris, and so fell all that attempt to the ground."

Another matter is touched upon that throws light upon the Church customs of England in the old Catholic times, and which was brought under discussion by the want of tact displayed by Father Haywood, at that time Superior of the Jesuits in England.

In England the fasts observed by the Catholics, from time immemorial, were singularly severe. The Fridays throughout the year, excepting in Paschal time, and many vigils not kept in Rome, were fasting days; and the Saturdays, the Rogation days, and St. Mark's day were days of abstinence. With good intentions, we may well believe, but with great imprudence, Father Haywood set himself to introduce the Roman practice in this matter into England. The law was not on his side, for the obligation remained for two centuries after this, until Pope Pius the Sixth, in 1777, transferred the vigils through the year to the Wednesdays and Fridays in Advent; and in 1781 abrogated the Friday fast. The Abstinence on Saturdays, the Rogations and St. Mark, Pius the Sixth left in force as "a pious custom descending from ancient times;" but Pius the Eighth dispensed the English Catholics from its observance in 1830. It is to be supposed that Father Haywood based his opinion upon the substitution of the Roman for the Salisbury and other English rites, which change was introduced by the Seminary priests; but, as may well be imagined, a storm was raised by him from which no good was to be expected.

This point was settled in a well-known consultation between Fathers Campion and Persons, and certain graver priests then resident in London, in the following terms—

On the point of fasting, the best resolution seemed to be, and most conformable to piety, reason, and union, that nothing should be altered in matter of the fastings from the old customs; but in what shire soever of

England (for all had not one custom, but the Church of York some, and Canterbury and London others) the Catholics could remember that the Fridays or any other days or vigils were fasted, the same to be kept and continued now, and the priests always to be the first and most forward to put it in execution; but when such knowledge or remembrance could not be had, then men not to be bound to fast, but yet commended that they would; and this was so much as then seemed necessary to be spoken by way of counsel only, and not of commandment or authority, for direction of priests, for keeping of unity, until God should open the door for further determination by way of authority.

Father Weston embarked from Dieppe for England on September 12, 1584, and was set ashore on the open coast with Henry Hubert; Ralph Emerson, the lay brother—Father Campion's "little man" Ralph—being left on board to superintend the landing of the luggage in the dead of night. This luggage, which partly consisted of a great number of books, was safely landed and reached London in safety; but here the books brought brother Ralph to grief, for suspicion having been roused, the packages were examined, and Ralph was apprehended and shut up in the Counter, in the Poultry. This was the commencement of an imprisonment that continued during the remainder of Elizabeth's reign. Father Weston himself was not allowed to labour long on his dangerous mission. His missionary life in England did not quite extend to two years; but short as it was, it is full of interesting details, into which Father Morris enters with great minuteness and accuracy. Father Weston during that time was the instrument chosen by God to reconcile Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, to the Church; and he was brought into relations with other leading Catholics, especially with the brave and unfortunate family of the Bellamys, concerning whom much interesting information is given.

Father Weston, going under the name of Edmunds, was arrested in London in August, 1586, and was first of all confined in the Clink, where he remained till 1588. The prisoner gives an account of his prison life during that period, a life that was not without its consolations, notwithstanding the petty persecutions and frequent examinations to which he was subjected. For instance: "Three of the family of our keeper were converted to the faith, so were also one among the minor officials on guard, a woman advanced in years, and a girl who, abandoning her former master, devoted herself henceforward to the service of Catholics." Indeed, as in the case of St. Paul, the prison was often, in these troublous days, converted by the grace of God into the chair of truth.

Amongst those whom Father Weston encountered in controversy while he was in the Clink, was Lancelot Andrewes, subsequently Bishop of Ely, and afterwards Bishop of Winchester, a name still held in high honour amongst Anglicans. Father Weston thus records the substance of their conversation.

I said that there was no occasion for me to learn from him as a master or teacher those things which I had learned already from faith and the authority of the Church. If he wished to ask me anything since we were

alone, I added, let him say what he would. Our discussion fell upon sacramental confession and the interpretation of the Scriptures. Whether we talked about any other subject I do not well remember; without doubt there were several articles proposed between us, for we remained there about four hours. And with regard to those two first questions, he admitted at last that he did not allow in the interpretation of Scripture the inconstant and fallacious spirit of private persons. In speaking of confession, he did not disapprove of the use of it, and thought it not only lawful in itself, but allowed that it was a practice that he was not altogether without experience of. Though this doctor was a Puritan, it seems he tolerated a certain form of confession; indeed, his temper of mind, as some say, was not entirely in opposition to the Catholic Faith.

Afterwards it came out that the motive for this conference was to make an impression upon two Catholic priests, who, under fear of torments, had shown signs of yielding; but the result was, that they were nearly breaking out from their hiding-place in the course of the discussion, for the purpose of confessing and bewailing their want of constancy.

Father Weston was removed to Wisbech in 1588, and he gives a full account of the various fluctuations of his prison life while in that place of confinement, in which so many noble confessors wasted away their earthly life. The first Catholic prisoner sent to Wisbech was Feckenham, O.S.B., the last Abbot of Westminster; and he was followed by Watson, Bishop of Lincoln. They both rest in Wisbech churchyard.

From Wisbech Father Weston was carried to the Tower, where he passed the last four years of his cruel imprisonment; and he opens out to us some of the horrors of that vile prison-house. Shut up in a cell filled with foul and pestilential air, and lighted by one small window, so small that its light was scarcely sufficient to enable to read, his sole occupation was the perusal of the Bible and prayer. After two years he was allowed to go on to the roof of his tower, where he could be seen on his knees motionless in prayer. But even this indulgence involved his being locked out there, solitary as before, and exposed to all weathers, until, the last thing at night, his keeper came to take him back to his comfortless cell, sometimes wet through and stiff with cold. No wonder his health suffered, and that upon his being set free, after the death of Elizabeth in 1603, Father Garnet could write of him: "Yesterday went from London Father Weston, a man beloved and admired of his enemies. He hath almost lost his eyes." His imprisonment, during which his constant endeavour had been, by the exercise of prayer and self-denial, to advance in perfection, lasted for the long period of seventeen years.

On regaining his freedom Father Weston went to Seville, where he filled various offices, and taught moral theology, and Greek and Hebrew, for nine years. At the end of that time he was sent to Valladolid, where he died on April 9, 1615. His words, when told that death was near, were, *Laetatus sum in his quae dicta sunt mihi, in domum Domini ibimus*—"I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into

the house of the Lord." As death came near, he showed his great confidence in God by a remarkable phrase: *Non timeo, Domine, non timeo; tu scis quia non timeo*—"I do not fear, O Lord, I do not fear; Thou knowest that I do not fear." And so he slept the sleep of the just.

It may interest some of our readers to know that Father Weston's head is reverently kept at Roehampton, in the Sacristy of the Novitiate of the English Province of the Society of Jesus.

We have only been able to give a slight glimpse at the wealth of interesting matter that Father Morris has collected in his pages; but we must pause for the present, and reserve our notice of Father Persons' relation of the Fall of Anthony Tyrrell to a future number.

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2. *The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka.* Edited by H. J. Coleridge, S.J. (Quarterly Series.) Burns and Oates.

We cannot help hoping not only that this volume will prove a great favourite on account of its own merits, but also that it may be followed by many others of the same sort, setting forth the incidents of the lives of the saints in simple and picturesque language, and in a manner rather suggestive of reflections than directly proposing them. There has been of late a good deal of amiable controversy as to the style in which the life of a saint should be written, and we are not now about to make any contribution to that discussion. Each style of biography has its admirers and its advantages, and we have never been able to see why the same people should not admire both. At all events no one will doubt that there are many of the saints whose lives are eminently interesting as narratives, and that those who value them as such are not thereby precluded from enjoying the many other fruits which may be drawn from them.

The Editor tells us in his Preface that the original plan of the volume before us has been abandoned "at the cost of some delay," and that he has thought it best that a perfectly new life of St. Stanislaus should be written, instead of a simple translation of Father Boero's admirable Italian work. There is, he tells us, little to say about St. Stanislaus that is absolutely new. But Father Boero has had the happy thought of giving the evidence as to some of the most remarkable incidents of the short life of the Saint in the words of the witnesses themselves, and in this he has been followed in this new English life. We think also that the account of the daily life of the Jesuit novices in St. Stanislaus' time, which is founded upon the regulations drawn up by St. Francis Borgia, will be new to many readers, as well as a few other parts of the volume. To our mind its value lies in the simple onward flow of the narrative, in the elimination of correlative matter, which is interesting in itself but not necessary for ordinary readers, and in the comparative absence of reflection and



commentary on the part of the writer himself. The book is one which may be given to boys or girls to read without frightening them by anything of the *tonus prædicatorius*, while it will be equally acceptable to other readers besides boys and girls.

St. Stanislaus Kostka's life has certainly a peculiar charm. It reads more like a bit of the middle ages than a scene in the Tridentine period of the Church. The marvellous is mixed up in it to a striking degree, while the holy youth worked no miracle in his lifetime. The wonderful power of his intercession, and the manner in which he seems to have been endowed with a special power for the protection of his own country, of which he was declared patron at the wish of its King, raise our ideas of the consummate virtue which was so hidden in him during his lifetime to the highest level. One of the last pieces in the volume is a very remarkable letter from the famous Father Lancisius—a letter which, we think, has not before been published in our language—in which that great ascetical writer speaks in the strongest manner of the immense spiritual blessings which he has received through devotion to St. Stanislaus.

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3. *The Story of a Soul.* By Mrs. Augustus Craven. Translated by Emily Bowles. Smith and Elder, 1875.

The name of the gifted authoress of this story is in itself a sufficient passport to popular favour for any work that bears it on its title-page. To say that the present book is not unworthy of its parentage will be enough to secure for it a large circle of readers. The narrative of the story is cast in an autobiographical form, and unfolds the series of loving chastisements by which a soul "of a diamond-like purity and truth, which it would be easier to break-up than to tarnish," is gradually shaped and polished and made to shine in the full brightness of supernatural grace and lustre.

Ginevra dei Monti, the heroine of the book, is smitten with the full insight into herself by the sudden death of a beloved mother; an event somewhat accelerated by a heedless and childish act of her own. The last labour of the young mother has been to write down the leading features of her child's character, a mixture of good and evil, prophetic at once of heavy trial and of noble fruit. The perusal of her mother's note-book lays the foundation of the future struggle, and sheds a guiding light on Ginevra's troubled way to rest and peace. A splendid marriage with the Duke of Valenzano furnishes the scene of Ginevra's battlefield. The Duke, a man of great natural gifts, soon after his marriage relapses into the habit of gambling, by which he is eventually reduced to ruin; and not only that, but he falls under the seductions of a designing woman, who had formed an attachment to him before his marriage, and who, out of a spirit of revenge, sets herself to wreck the happiness of his young and trusting wife.

The bitter waters are thus poured over Ginevra's soul; and she

drinks them to the dregs. The combat is hard and critical, enervated as she has been by the soft and luxurious life of Naples, to the fascinations of which she has too readily yielded. She suffers from all the pangs of wounded affection and rebellious pride; and as the last crucial test, encounters the subtle temptation of seeking a return for unrequited love from one in every way good and noble except in the weakness that exposes Ginevra to the terrible trial to which his loving sympathy exposes her. She is saved by the advice and prayers of her sister Livia, a nun in one of the convents of Naples, whose love extracts her secret from her. The crowning victory is gained in the Sacrament of Penance; the account of which is thus beautifully told.

At last it was my turn, and I knelt down in the penitent's place. I began with a shaking voice, but by degrees it grew stronger, and I told my story clearly, and with the desire to be sincere. Alas, my troubles and my sins were so closely interwoven that I had not only to lay bare my heart and mind, but my whole life, and as my humble and entire confession was gradually made, I felt the full benefit of the sacrament. For in it the confession is so utterly unlike all human avowal, and the surrender of trust so widely different from any human confidence, however wise may be the counsel and complete the sympathy which is humanly given. Two or three times the priest murmured, "Poor child!" but he did not interrupt me farther than that. When I had finished he spoke.

The words which he then said were the sweetest though the strongest that had ever stirred up the love of right in my soul; but when he ended by saying, that after removing from me the influence which was dangerous to my peace, I must now as resolutely sweep away all memory of it, and that all dwelling upon the recollection of Gilbert de Kergy must be striven against, rejected, overcome and quenched—then some insane, rebellious impulse rose up, and I answered—

"No, father, I cannot do it!"

Again he said, "Poor child!" Then, with great kindness and compassion,

"You do not wish then to give God any place in your heart?"

I did not understand what he meant, and I answered again—

"Father, I cannot master my thoughts, or my feelings, or my sufferings."

Then, without losing the calm sweetness of his language, but in a tone of authority before which I felt my rebellious spirit give way, he said—

"I am well aware, my child, what is in your own power, and what does not depend upon you; but in the name of Him Who speaks by my mouth, I ask you to repeat with a sincere will these words, which are the sum of what I said to you—"My God, take out of my heart everything that separates me from Thee!"

The words, the tone in which they were spoken, and the prayer, which no doubt gave them force, from the holy man who uttered them, inspired me with the wish and strength to obey; and I ask of my God that I may clearly show what then befell. I bent my head down upon my two clasped hands, and after a silent moment, during which I was gathering up the whole force of my will, I said slowly, and with deep sincerity, the words dictated to me—

"My God, take out of my heart everything that separates me from Thee!"

O merciful goodness of my God, in what way shall I speak of Thee, or how shall I relate that marvel of grace and love? While I uttered the words, before even they were said, I felt a certain strange, mysterious, super-human shock; heart and soul became full of light; my whole being was changed, flooded with a gladness which no human tongue could frame. And the living cause of that gladness, still present with me, and to last for ever, was the truth then miraculously made manifest: "God loves me," "God loves me." That was what was made known to me in its full significance.

The veil was torn from my eyes for ever, and the key to the deep mystery of my own heart was given, revealed with such clearness, transparency, and testimony as I saw the light of day. I felt that love which we vainly seek on earth, and with the whole power of my heart. So intense did the feeling become that it could not be increased without death.

I know that human tongue is too weak to speak of a supernatural grace, and therefore I am only stammering like a child, and shall not strive to dwell longer on that ineffable moment, which wrought the entire change of my life. I neither know what words I spoke, nor what were spoken to me. I remember only the absolution pronounced over my bowed head, and the words said in a voice full of feeling, "Do not agitate yourself, my child, and now go in peace."

I had knelt in that confessional borne down with sadness. I got up from my knees so happy, that the only sense of pain was the over-keenness of a joy that my heart seemed too weak to contain.

The end corresponds to this beginning. By her gentle love and patience Ginevra wins her husband back to the ways of peace, and to the satisfaction that accompanies a true and manly life. He falls in the French and Italian war, and Ginevra, after nearly sinking under the shock, recovers, and soon regains her peace of mind. A settled deep peace came down upon her, "which grew and strengthened, and which nothing could take away, but it could not hide from me the conviction that everything in life was over for me." Her work was done, she had brought herself and her husband to the feet of that God that loved them, and so she could wait in peace for the time of their eternal reunion.

The extract that we have given will show how well Miss Bowles has done the work of a translator. Her translation is so good that it makes us forget that there is an original.

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4. *A Christian Painter of the Nineteenth Century.* Being the Life of Hippolyte Flandrin. By the author of a *Dominican Artist*, &c. Rivingtons, 1875.

We suppose it must be considered as a sign of the times, that an accomplished Anglican lady should not only find it worth her while to write a number of Catholic biographies for the benefit of the members of her own persuasion, but that her sympathies should appear to be so exclusively Catholic that among a list of nearly a dozen works we should not find one which is devoted to the heroes or heroines of the Establishment. The lady whose last work is now before us has been for some time before the public as a writer. She has handled the lives and writings of a number of men who are certainly very interesting to us, such as Père Besson, Père Gratry, Henri Perreyre, and now Hippolyte Flandrin. She has soared higher, however, than men who can be called simply interesting; for she has "attempted the lives" of St. Francis de Sales and Bossuet, and has announced that she is occupied upon Fénelon, with whose life she is not content without adding his letters. We shall speak presently of the competency

of this writer for subjects which certainly require very wide reading as well as not a little theological learning. But, meanwhile, is it not strange that she should find so little to interest her in her own communion? In the palmy days of what is called the "Catholic" movement in the Anglican Establishment, this would not have been. People then managed to find bishops like Laud, or Wilson, or Andrewes, or Ken, congenial subjects for literary aspirants, and it is not impossible that they would have shrunk with some suspicion from an author who gave them nothing but foreign Catholicism to read about.

By all means, however, let Anglican writers relieve themselves from the dulness and commonplace which they find at home by studies of the lives of distinguished persons who have lived and died in the happy atmosphere of the true Fold. We have no wish to prevent them. The lady with whom we are now dealing is, we think, rather too ambitious. Ladies are allowed a great many liberties in the field of literature. We do not expect them to be deep theologians, or even always very accurate as to the facts of their history. Still the words of an old song haunt us, which tell us that "'tis a pity when"—a certain class of persons—"talk of things which they don't understand," and it is certain that the criticism contained in that morose couplet might find something to feed upon in the works of a lady who has "done" the "Revival of Priestly Life in the seventeenth century in France," who has hit off St. Francis de Sales, and Bossuet *and* his contemporaries, who is now going to dash off Fénelon and his correspondence, and may, for all we know, "do" all the celebrities of the French Church down to the Revolution before she stops. We have more than once had to remark on displays of ignorance and narrowness of view in this author's writings, which are due to nothing so much as to the great—courage—with which she undertakes tasks before which really competent authors would shrink in dismay. Nothing seems to stop her. We can only say, in all sincerity, that she has not made nearly as many blunders as might have been expected, and that this makes all the more surprising what would seem almost a miracle—did we not take into account the light-hearted assurance with which she takes up one great task after another—namely, that she should not yet have discovered the fact, which stares any one in the face who considers at all deeply the lives and characters of persons like St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, M. Olier, Bossuet, Fénelon, Madame Louise, Henri Perreyre, Père Gratry, Père Besson, and Hippolyte Flandrin, that the religion which animated their lives and made them what they were was something quite inconsistent with the Thirty-nine Articles and the Black Rubric.

We are bound to add that we consider the work before us as one of the best which have proceeded from the facile pen of the lady of whom we are speaking. Flandrin's life lends itself very well to work such as hers. She has a genuine admiration for his character, though perhaps we can trace here and there the marks of a want of acquaintance with his works; that kind of loving appreciation of special

characteristics which made Mr. Bellasis so fit to give us, a year ago, his valuable biographies of Cherubini. This is about the only point as to which we find the work before us really defective.<sup>1</sup>

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5. *The Life of Father Bernard*, Missionary Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. From the French of P. Claessens, Canon of Mechlin. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875.

If it is a good work to write the life of a saint, it is undoubtedly something of the same kind to put before the generation to which he belonged the life of a good, zealous, hard-working servant of God, like the Father Bernard, who is the subject of the volume before us. In some respects, we gain even more from the knowledge which is thus brought home to us of the graces that are working on all sides of us in men and women of our own time, than from the records of the sanctity of the past, with which we have less immediate contact. Lady Georgiana Fullerton has thus lately delighted us with her *Life of the good Father Young*, who must have been known to thousands in Ireland who have read her book. Father Bernard's life belongs to the same period as that of Father Young. He was born in Holland in 1807, and died in 1865, having spent thirty-three years in the Redemptorist Congregation, all but two of which were devoted to the special work for which the children of St. Alfonsus are so famous—the work of the missions. The field of his labours was large—Holland, Belgium, England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States. Everywhere his preaching seems to have been crowned with great success—a result due, no doubt, under God, to his great interior perfection as a religious man, as much as or more than to his eminent natural gifts.

The life of a missionary priest has a great deal of sameness about it, notwithstanding the variety of places and persons through which his narrative leads us. We are tempted to give an anecdote or two, which serve to illustrate some of the ordinary difficulties which beset the missionaries in days like ours, and Father Bernard's manner of dealing with them.

At the mission of Bréda a magistrate of the city, who was baptized in the Catholic Church, but who bore ill-will towards the fathers, presented himself at the residence of the pastor where they lodged, and demanded their passports, without which, he said, they would not be allowed to remain in Brabant. The fathers not having these documents with them, Father Bernard very decidedly replied:

"I am a Hollander; I do not, then, recognize the authority of the Government to prohibit my sojourn or my preaching in Bréda. This evening I will ascend the pulpit, and will tell the faithful that, in consequence of your prohibition, the mission will be discontinued from that moment. But it is useless to add, sir, that the consequences of this resolution will be imputed to you; you will be responsible, understand it well, for whatever

<sup>1</sup> We may refer our own readers to a sketch of Flandrin as a man and an artist, which appeared in an early number of this Review. See the MONTH, vol. ii. (1865), pp. 426, seq.



happens. I advise you to be prudent ; for you cannot be ignorant of the feelings of all the Catholics of your city towards us."

This courageous reply quite disconcerted the functionary ; but he had recourse to another expedient. He applied to the governor of the province, M. Borret, who was a sincere Catholic and much attached to the fathers, and asked him to act according to the law. M. Borret baffled the intrigue, without, however, failing in his duty. After a delay of a few days he wrote to the magistrate, and informed him that the Redemptorists had a house at Wittem, which belonged to a province of the kingdom, and consequently did not need passports. At the same time he requested the magistrate to inquire whether the missionaries of Bréda belonged to the house of Wittem, adding that he awaited the result of the investigation before taking further steps. In the meantime the exercises continued with such success that the magistrate saw that it would not be worth the trouble to urge the matter at the risk of drawing upon himself the indignation of the entire city. The public prayers and sermons produced during this mission still greater fruits of grace and salvation.

I cannot omit relating another incident which shows us both the courage of our missionary and the kind of enemies he encountered.

On the very day of the opening of the mission at Grave, in Northern Brabant, a circus troupe came to give an exhibition to the public. This was apparently a plot formed by some bad characters of the place, who aimed at preventing the holy exercises. But Father Bernard was so sure of the good dispositions of his auditors that he hoped, by the grace of God, to make the troupe leave the city.

"My brethren," he said from the pulpit, "an infernal plot has been formed against you ; a circus troupe has come from Antwerp, bringing you frivolous amusements and dissipation. We, the ministers of the Most High, have come to preach recollection, penance, and return to God. Heaven and hell cannot be united ? Consequently, I make the painful announcement that the mission, which ought to constitute your happiness, has been interrupted, and it discontinues from this moment. . . . Saint Alphonsus acted in the same manner under similar circumstances ; we must imitate his good example, and abandon you to yourselves."

At this announcement the people were thunderstruck, and the religious portion of the population used violence to prevent the departure of the fathers. The burgomaster interceded with the villagers to request the fathers not to carry out the resolution they had announced in the church. He said that the troupe had come without his knowledge, and, by an unfortunate coincidence, precisely at the time of the mission. Father Bernard, nevertheless, remained firm, and informed the magistrate that worldly amusements and religious ceremonies could in no wise be united.

The burgomaster agreed to this ; and, fearing a disturbance if the fathers should leave, promised to use his efforts to obviate all difficulties.

The manager of the circus came to apologize to the fathers of the mission, and openly avowed that they had been sent for by some residents of the city. He, moreover, promised to leave, if the fathers would give him one hundred florins to defray expenses. Father Bernard laughingly replied that, not having called them to Grave, he would not pay their travelling expenses ; that they were free to remain, and the fathers would leave that instant. The manager was not a little surprised at this firmness, and the civil magistrate was left in embarrassment. From the dispositions of the inhabitants they were wise enough to see that the best plan was to abandon their designs and to decamp. The next day, to the great disappointment of the wicked, the circus was closed, and the manager with his troupe returned to Antwerp. The mission was crowned with success ; with the exception of a few hardened sinners, the entire population approached the holy sacraments.

The mission at Hulst, in Zealand, afforded Father Bernard another opportunity of showing his presence of mind and the energy of his character. On the arrival of the three missionaries before the residence of the dean of the city, the street was blockaded by a crowd of curious spectators, and a



gendarme with official air placed himself in front of the carriage in which the fathers were seated.

"Take care," said Father Bernard with composure to the father who accompanied him, "we will have many difficulties to encounter here."

His anticipation of difficulties—I dare not say his fear—was verified.

On the evening of the third day another gendarme rang the bell at the dean's door, and asked to speak with his three guests. Father Bernard quieted his two confrères and the affrighted dean, and communicated to them the plan he had devised. He proposed to interrogate the gendarme, while his two companions filled the respective offices of clerk and usher.

The father, seated in an arm-chair, addressed the gendarme with the gravity of a judge.

"My friend, what do you wish?"

"I am sent by my lieutenant; I did not come of my own accord."

"Do not be uneasy about that; but who is your lieutenant?"

"Mr. N——, of Ghent."

"And what does he want with us?"

"I am to inquire whether you are strangers or not."

"Go and tell Mr. N—— that we are natives of Holland, and that we exercise our ministry in Holland. And now, another word: should your lieutenant desire to know more, let him address himself to the chief authorities of the Hague; they will teach him how to treat the subjects of the King."

The poor gendarme, covered with confusion, commenced to stammer out excuses, and told his judge that he had also orders to learn the impression produced by his sermons. "And on this point," he said, "I will be able to speak from experience; for, although a Protestant, I have listened to your sermons, and they have deeply affected me."

He then took a humble leave of the fathers.

It was thus that Father Bernard put in practice the excellent advice which had been given him by his old teacher, M. Van Bommel: "Reply to the evil-disposed by questions, and force them to submit to be questioned, instead of submitting yourself."

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6. *A Reply to Mr. Gladstone's Vaticanism.* By the Very Rev. James Kavanagh, D.D. Duffy and Sons.

7. *Rome, Semper Eadem.* By Denis Patrick Michael O'Mahony. Washbourne.

These two pamphlets are the latest outcome of Mr. Gladstone's irruption into the *terra incognita* of Catholic theology. The first is written by the Very Reverend President of Carlow College; and the second by a well-known Catholic layman. They thus give further evidence, if such were needed, of the universal testimony of Catholics of every class and shade of opinion against Mr. Gladstone's perversions and misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and practice. Dr. Kavanagh does not take up any new ground in the controversy, his object being, as he states in his Preface, to give a popular reply to Mr. Gladstone's Vaticanism; but he brings some points out in a manner that cannot fail to be appreciated by his readers. His reply, for instance, to Mr. Gladstone's repetition of the old grounds of objection furnished by the Councils of Constance and Basle, is very well done, and sufficiently meets Mr. Gladstone's attacks. But, of course, when another Mr. Gladstone arises hereafter to amuse himself with writing pamphlets, the old weapons of offence against the Church will be refurbished and brought forth with as much vigour as ever. Mr.

O'Mahony, without entering into theological niceties, lays a good general view of the first principles of the Church before his readers, as well as of the historical process of their development; and thus enables them to test Mr. Gladstone's fairness and accuracy for themselves. It is a great ground of encouragement to see Catholic laymen thus come to the front in the battles of the Church. We should be glad to see Mr. O'Mahony's example more widely followed.

8. Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston of Edinburgh have lately issued an extremely useful and handy *Scripture Atlas* to illustrate the Old and New Testament. The maps in the volume represent the distribution of matters after the Deluge, the Gentile countries of the Old Testament, the Exodus and journeys of the Israelites, modern Egypt and Sinai, several maps of the Holy Land at various periods of history, including the time of our Lord and the present day; Ancient and Modern Jerusalem, Galilee, St. Paul's journeys, and one or two more subjects. They are beautifully executed, as far as we can judge, accurate, and what is not to be despised as a recommendation, extremely cheap.

We must notice by way of some acknowledgment several publications which we are unable to speak of at length in our present number. Mr. Macdonald's translation of Donoso Cortes' *Essays on Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism* (Dublin: Kelly), have only just reached us, otherwise we might have more to say on this important work. *Remarks on a late Assailant of the Society of Jesus* (Burns and Oates) is the title given to the reprint of the articles which we have lately published in answer to Mr. Cartwright's attacks in the *Quarterly Review*. *Norton Broadlands* (Burns and Oates) is a story which professes to be autobiographical, the reminiscences of a child. The work is very well written, and contains some strange adventures—more, perhaps, than ordinarily fell to the lot of an English girl. The tale may be "founded upon fact," but it has probably been considerably embellished. We should imagine the comical parts—which are a little elaborate—to be the least historical portions of the whole. If the writer be really new to her task, she promises very well for future excellence, and practice will teach her to eliminate certain redundancies. We must content ourselves with barely acknowledging *Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward*, by Miss Bridges (Washbourne); a translation of Monsignor Ferré's *Lectures on St. Thomas of Aquin and Ideology* (Burns and Oates); *Observations on Mr. Gladstone's Pamphlet*, and their bearing on questions connected with Education, by C. M. Middleton (*ibid.*); and *The Seven Sacraments Explained and Defended* (W. B. Kelly, Dublin), apparently a very well compiled little manual.

II.—OLD ENGLISH DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

*A Catalogue of Shrines, Offerings, Bequests, &c.*

PART VI.—(HINGHAM—LONDON).

HINGHAM, NORFOLK. Our Ladye of Pity.<sup>201</sup>

The church is dedicated to St. Andrew. In it there were an altar of our Blessed Ladye in the south aisle; another altar, of her Nativity; a chapel of our Ladye by the Rood loft, and a chapel of our Ladye of Pity.

There were eight gilds here, each having a stipendiary chaplain. "Without doubt," says Blomefield, "this church must make a fine appearance in those times."<sup>202</sup>

Radulph Fulloflove, Rector of West Herling, who died September 16, 1479, gave two pounds of wax to St. Marye's light at Hingham.<sup>203</sup>

HOCHAM, NORFOLK. The same Radulph Fulloflove, by his will, left a legacy to the Tabernacle of our Blessed Ladye at Hocham, for prayers for Alice, his mother.<sup>204</sup>

HORSTEAD, NORFOLK. Our Ladye of Pitye.

Many pilgrimages were made hither; and legacies were occasionally left to pay pilgrims to repair to this sanctuary.<sup>205</sup>

HOWE ON HOO, NORFOLK. There was here an image of our Blessed Ladye with a light.<sup>206</sup>

HULL.

1. Church of the Most Holy Trinity.

John Swan, of Kingston-on-Hull,<sup>207</sup> merchant, by his will, dated November 2, 1476, desires to be buried in the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Kingston-on-Hull, in the south aisle, between the choir and our Ladye the Mother of Pity.

2. St. Michael of the Carthusians. (Robert Golding, by will dated September 1, 1453, desires to be buried in this church, and leaves to the Prior 4*l.* for the erection of a stained-glass window of three lights:<sup>208</sup> in the centre one to contain the

<sup>201</sup> South Meols, p. 283.

<sup>202</sup> Blomefield, i. 666, 667.

<sup>203</sup> *Ibid.* i. 208.

<sup>204</sup> *Ibid.* i. 280.

<sup>205</sup> Index Mon. Dioc. Norw. p. 66.

<sup>206</sup> *Gen. Hist. of Norfolk*, p. 92.

<sup>207</sup> Test. Ebor. vol. iii. p. 225.

<sup>208</sup> *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 166.

image of our Blessed Ladye; and as a memorial of himself, and out of his devotion, his own figure is to be represented kneeling below the feet of the image of our Ladye. He also leaves five nobles to five poor virgins, to buy five cows when they shall be married, in honour of the Blessed Virgin Marye.

**IPSWICH.**

There were four churches of our Blessed Ladye at Ipswich.

St. Marye at Elm,  
St. Marye at Quay,  
St. Marye at Stoke,  
St. Marye at Tower,

each of which had doubtless an image of our Ladye and the usual light.

But the celebrated and miraculous image of our Blessed Ladye called Our Ladye of Ipswich was in St. Marye's chapel called Our Ladye of Grace, which was situated at the north-west corner of the lane without the West gate opposite to the George Inn, and which to this day goes by the name of Lady Lane. It was a great pilgrimage, and many great miracles were wrought here.

Sir Thomas More says—

"And as for the point that we spake of, concerning myracles done in our dayes at divers images, wher these pilgrimages be, yet could I tel you sõe such done so openly, so farre from all cause of suspicion, and thereto testified in suche sufficient wyse, that he might seme almoste madde that hyring the whole matter, wil mistruste the miracles. Amög which I durst boldly tell you for one, the wonderful work of god, that was within these few yeres wrought, in y<sup>e</sup> house of a right worshipful knight syr Roger wentworth, upon divers of his children, and specially one of his daughters a very faire yong gentlewoman of xii. yeres of age, in meruailous maner vexed and tormented by our ghostly enemy the deuill, her mind alienated and rauing with despysyng and blasphemy of god, and hatred of all halowed thinges, with knowledge and parceiving of the halowed from the unhalowed, al wer she nothing warned thereof. And after that moued in her own mind and monished by the

will of god, to goo to our Lady of Ippiswiche. In the wai of which pilgrimage, she prophesied and tolde many thinges done and said at the same time in other places, whiche were proued true, and many thinges said, lying in her traunce of such wisdom and learning, that right conning mē highly merueiled to hyre of so yonge an vnlearned maiden, whan her self wist not what she saide, such things vttered and spoken, as well learned mē might have missed with a lōg study, and finally being brought and laide before the image of our blessed Lady, was there in y<sup>e</sup> sight of many worshipful people so grievously tormēted, and in face, eyen, loke, and countenance so griselye chaunged, w<sup>t</sup> her mouth drawen aside, and her eyen laid out upon her chekes, that it was a terrible sight to behold. And after many merueilous thinges, at y<sup>e</sup> same time shewed upō divers psons by y<sup>e</sup> deuil thorowe goddes suffer-aunce, as wel al the remenaunt as the maiden her self in the presence of all the companye restored to theyr good state perfectly cured, and sodeinly. And in this matter no pretext of begging, no suspicion of faining, no possibilitie of couterfeityng, no simplenes in the seers, her father and mother right honorable and rich, sore abashed, to see suche chaunces in their children, the witnesses, great noubre, and many of great worshippe, wisdom, and good experience, the maide her selfe to yonge to fayne, and the fashion it self to straunge for any man to faine. And the ende of the matter virtuous, the virgine so moved in her minde with the miracle, that she forth with for ought her father coulede do, forsoke the world and professed religion in a very good and godly company at the mynoresse, where she hath lived well and graciously ever sins.<sup>909</sup>

This was one of the great sanctuaries of our Blessed Ladye to which our forefathers used to make yearly pilgrimages. Cranmer says:

"Your owne fathers they themselves wer greatly seduced to certeyne famouse and notoriouse ymages, as by our lady of Walsingham, oure ladye of Ippeswiche, saynt Thomas of Canter-

<sup>909</sup> *A Dialogue concerning Heresyes and matters of Religion made in the year of our Lorde mdxviiij.* By Sir Thomas More. Book i. c. 16. Opp.: London, 1557. P. 137.

bury, saint Anne of Buckestone, the rood of grace, and suche lyke, whom many of your parentes visitide yerely, leauinge their owne houses and families. To them they made vowes and pilgrimages, thinkyng that God would heare their prayers in that place rather than in another place. They kissed their feete deuoutly, and to theim they offred candles, and ymages of wax, rynges, beades, gold and sylver abundantly."<sup>210</sup>

Cardinal Wolsey ordered a yearly pilgrimage to be made to Our Ladye of Ipswich.<sup>211</sup>

In the thirtieth Henry the Eighth the image of Our Ladye of Ipswich was carried up to Chelsea and burnt: the rich offerings and jewels went, as a matter of course, to the King's treasury.

A curious letter of Thomas Dorset to the "right worshipful Mr. Horsewell, maior," and others, has been preserved.

"... I toke a whery at Pawlis wharffe, wherein also was allredye a doctour, namyd doctor Crewkehorne, which was sent for to come to the byshope of Canterbury. And he before the iii bishopis of Canterbury, of Worcetre, and Salesbury, confessed that he was rapte into heven, where he see the Trinite settyng on a pall, or mantell, or cope (call it what you please), of blew color, and from the middle upward they were thre bodyes, and from the midle they were closied all thre into on bodye, they were but on, havyng also but ii feete, nor but ii legges; and he spake with Our ladye, and she toke hym by the hande, and bad hym serve her as he had doon in tyme passed, and bad hym to preche aborde (abroad) that she wold be honorid at Eppiswhiche and at Willisdon as she hath bee in old tymes, *neforte*; this he said he wolde abyde bye. Then my lord of Canterbury opposed hym nerre, and he made but weke aunswer, and was bade to departe and come agayne the second day aftre. So did he, but at the laste he denyed his vision."<sup>212</sup>

#### ISLINGTON.

This was a celebrated image of our Blessed Ladye. It was burnt at Chelsea in 1538. Burnet

<sup>210</sup> *A Short Instruction into Christian Religion*, being a Catechism set forth by Archbishop Cranmer in 1548. Reprint, Oxford, 1829, p. 23.

<sup>211</sup> Ind. Mon. Dioc. Nor. p. 117.

<sup>212</sup> *Letters relating to the Suppression of the Monasteries*, p. 36.



says: "Then many rich shrines of Our Ladye of *Walsingham*, of *Ipswich*, and *Islington*, with a great many more, were brought up to London and burnt by Cromwell's orders."<sup>213</sup>

2. Our Ladye of the Oak.

Was the image of Our Ladye of *Islington* the same as Our Ladye of the Oak?

There exists an original proclamation of Henry the Eighth as follows:

"A proclamation yt no pson interrupt the King's game of partridge or pheasant.

*"Rex majori et vicecomitibus Londoni. Vobis mandamus, &c.*

"Forasmuch as the King's most royall matie is much desirous to have the games of hare, partridge, phesaunt, and heron pserve in and about his honor att his palace of Westm. for his own disporte and pastime; that is to saye from his said palace of Westm. to *St. Gyles in the Fields*, and from thence to *Islington*, to *Or Ladye of the Oke*, to *Highgate*," &c.<sup>214</sup>

IXWORTH THORPE.

The will of Golfrye Gylbert, of Ixworth Thorpe, in 1524, contains this bequest:

"Itm. I give to the Tenement longing to our ladye's lyght in Thorpe aforesayd to the reparacon of the sayd ten-te tenne peces of hewne tymber lyeing in my house.

"Itm. I give to the sayde lighte of Our Ladye one skeppe of bees to be delyvered to the Fermor, and he to delyver yt to the next fermor wt all the increase at hys departing."<sup>215</sup>

The fermor was the renter of the hives, from *ferme*, a rent; hence the word farmer, a hirer of land.

JERVAULX.

Our Ladye of Gervaulx, mentioned under Coverham.<sup>216</sup>

JESMOND.

About a mile from Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here was a well called Saint Marye's Well, to which there was a great resort of pilgrims.<sup>217</sup>

<sup>213</sup> *Hist. of the Reformation*. Lond. 1681, bk. iii. pt. i. 243.

<sup>214</sup> In the collection of original proclamations in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, vol. i. p. 210.

<sup>215</sup> *Proceedings of Suffolk Arch. Inst.* vol. i. p. 105.

<sup>216</sup> See *ante*, p. 27.

<sup>217</sup> *Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 381.

254 *Old English Devotion to our Blessed Lady.*

Pilgrimages to this well, and to the chapel at Jesmond, were so frequent, that one of the principal streets in Newcastle-on-Tyne is supposed to have taken its name partly from having an inn to which the pilgrims, who flocked thither for the benefit of the holy water, used to resort. This well is said to have had as many steps down to it as there are articles in the Creed.<sup>218</sup>

KELLOW.

John Trollop, Esquire, of Thornley, by his will dated October 30, 1476, leaves to the light of the Blessed Virgin Marye in the church of Kellow, *vi* s. and *viii* d., and one pound of wax.<sup>219</sup>

KENILWORTH.

John Beaufilz, of Balsall, in the county of Warwick, says, in 1488 :

"I . . . doe make my Testament. My body to be buried in the church of the abbey of Kenilworth before the image of the Blessed Virgin Marye in the passage to the door of the choir, or wherever Dom John Yardley, abbot of the said monastery, shall consider most expedient."<sup>220</sup>

KESSINGLAND,  
SUFFOLK.

In the church of St. Edmund, the altar of Our Ladye stood in the chancel, and over it her image, with a light burning perpetually before it.<sup>221</sup>

KIMBERLEY,  
NORFOLK.

There was a chapel of our Blessed Ladye in the churchyard here; at the altar of this chapel was the image of our Blessed Ladye, with a lamp burning before it, and there was an endowment for a priest to say a daily Mass. It was founded before 1370, but the lands were not settled on the chantry-priest till 1401, and then Henry the Fourth passed a licence of mortmain for the purpose.<sup>222</sup>

KINGSTON,  
SURREY.

Clement Milam, of Kingston, by his will dated November 11, 1498, left :

"To Our Lady Lyght, 12d.

"To Our Lady Lyght of Pety, 12d."<sup>223</sup>

<sup>218</sup> Brand, *Hist. of Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, vol. i. p. 339.

<sup>219</sup> *Wills and Inventories of the Northern Counties*. Surtees Society, pt. i. p. 97.

<sup>220</sup> *Kenilworth Illustrated*. Chiswick, 1821, p. 10.

<sup>221</sup> Suckling, p. 258.

<sup>222</sup> Blomefield, i. 748.

<sup>223</sup> Manning, *Hist. of Surrey*, vol. i. p. 370.

KINGSWOOD.

In the accounts of the Duke of Buckingham, 1520, there is an entry:

"The duke's oblation of 6s. 8d. to Our Ladye of Kyngeswode.

"Lord Stafford gave 1s."<sup>224</sup>

KIRKBY FLETHAM,  
YORKSHIRE.

August 10, 1445:

"Richard Barton, Esquire, leaves to owre Ladye light iii s. iiiii d."<sup>225</sup>

KIRKBY.

Giraldus Cambrensis relates what follows, as having occurred in his day: "In the diocese of Coventry, and during the episcopate of Robert Pecthe, or Pechc, in Latin, *Peccatum*, 1117—1127, some thieves came by night to the church of St. Marye, in the village of Kirkby, near the castle of Bridelawe, they broke in the door and robbed the church of a silver chalice, the books, and all the ornaments which they found of service for their own use, or rather, abuse. Lastly they went to the image of the Blessed Virgin, which was fairly adorned with gold and silver, and despoiled it of the gems and gold ornaments; and preparing to depart, they attempted to carry away the figure of the Child which was seated in His Mother's lap, whose arms were, as usual, stretched forward. Suddenly she closed her right arm round her Son, and held Him to her. This they saw by the light of a lamp which was burning outside. They fled in alarm, carrying off the spoils which they had placed in sacks. Vainly, all night, did they attempt to escape; when morning dawned they went back to the door of the church, and were unable to depart. They then entered the church with the priest, and restored all that they had stolen, and admitting their guilt, they clove to the altar, and thus, through the refuge and protection afforded them by the church, they escaped the death which they deserved. And even to this day, in proof of this great miracle, our Ladye enfolds her arm around her Divine Son."<sup>226</sup>

KIRKLINGTON.

October 2, 1472:

"Eleanor Wandesford of Kirklington, widow, leaves to the support of the lights called Rudlith

<sup>224</sup> Letters and Papers, &c. Henry VIII. vol. iii. pt. i. p. 500, n. 1285.

<sup>225</sup> Test. Ebor. ii. p. 215.

<sup>226</sup> Gemm. Eccl. Dist. l. c. xxxiii. Rolls Ed.

and Ladylith (the Rood-light, and the Ladye-light), in the church of Kirklington, *iiis. iiiid.*"<sup>227</sup>

## LAPWORTH.

In the sixth of Edward the First, 1277-8, Ivo Pipard settled a messuage and lands, and 24 *d.* a year, for the maintenance of two wax candles, and two lamps in the church of Lapworth; viz., one candle to burn before the altar of St. James on Sundays, the other to burn before the relics, and one lamp before the altar of our Blessed Ladye in the chancel.<sup>228</sup>

## LAUNCESTON.

Richard, Earl of Cornwall, son of King John, left five shillings for the support of a light in the chapel of our Blessed Ladye.<sup>229</sup>

## LEICESTER.

There was a solemn procession annually from the church of St. Marye to St. Margaret's, in which the image of our Blessed Ladye was carried under a canopy borne by four persons, with a quinstrel, harp, and other music, before her, and twelve persons representing the twelve Apostles, each of them bearing the name of the Apostle he represented in his bonnet. There were also four persons bearing banners, with the virgins of the parish attending.

In the church, the image of our Blessed Ladye was adorned with a crown on its head, and placed in a tabernacle, with a candlestick and light before it, and a table (*i.e.*, *tabula*, or *reredos*) representing her consecration.<sup>230</sup>

John of Gant bequeaths to the new collegiate church of our Ladye of Leicester, "moun rouge vestiment de velvet embroudez de solales dor ovecque trestout l'apparail a ycelles vestiment appartenant, et a cella trestoutz mes messalx et autres livres de ma chapelle qui sount del use et ordinal de la eglise Cathedrales de Sarum."<sup>231</sup>

LEYTON, OR LOW  
LEIGHTON.

"In this parish church, dedicated to St. Mary, there was," says Stow, "in the Popish times, a taper of wax containing three pounds, and the

<sup>227</sup> Test. Ebor. iii. 202.

<sup>228</sup> *Notices of the Churches in Warwickshire.* Warwick, 1847, vol. i. p. 16.

<sup>229</sup> *Monasticon Diocesis Exoniensis.* By George Oliver, D.D. London, 1846, p. 27.

<sup>230</sup> *Hist. and Antiquities of the ancient Town of Leicester.* Attempted by John Throsby. Leicester, 1794, p. 220.

<sup>231</sup> Test. Ebor. i. p. 223.

wick to contain half an ounce, that was burnt before the image of our Blessed Lady on her five holy days. And a glass lamp, and a gallon of oyl to burn in the said lamp within the said church, before the crucifix or the rood there. As also one pound of frankincense every year, *ad Laudem Dei & omnium Sanctorum ibidem in eadem Ecclesia in diebus Festivalibus per totum annum thurificand*," as the record mentions it. And that the Abbot of Stratford, parson of the church *Beate Mariæ de Leyton* in 35 year of Henry 6 did sue an assize and set forth,<sup>232</sup> that he and his predecessors were to have half an ounce of cotton wick and three pounds of wax, to make a candle, or taper, to burn in the said church before the image of the Blessed Mary, yearly, on five festival days, viz., her Annunciation, Conception, Purification, Assumption, and Nativity.<sup>233</sup> All this is stated in the Year Book of the 35 Henry VI.<sup>234</sup>

LINCHLADE.

August 5. 1502.

"Itm. For thoffering of the Quene to Oure Ladye at Linchelade, ii s. v d."<sup>235</sup>

LINCOLN.

Our Blessed Ladye was chosen as the Patroness of Lincoln on the occasion of the victory of the citizens over the forces of the Earl of Chester in 1147, which they ascribed to her intercession.<sup>236</sup>

In the inventory of the treasures of the cathedral appropriated by Henry VIII., which was made in the twenty-eighth year of his reign, 1536, there is a description of the image of our Ladye.

"Itm. A great image of our Ladye sitting in a chair, silver and gilt, with four polls, two of them having arms on the top before, having upon her head a crown, silver and gilt, set with stones and pearls, and one bee with stones and pearls about her neck, and an owche depending thereby, having in her hand a scepter with one flower set with stones and pearls, and one bird on the top

<sup>232</sup> *A Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster*, &c. By John Stow. Ed. John Strype, M.A. London, 1720. Appendix, p. 114.

<sup>233</sup> Newcourt, *Repertorium Ecclesiasticum Parochiale*. Lond. ii. p. 380.

<sup>234</sup> Stow, *ut sup. loc. cit.*

<sup>235</sup> Privy Expenses, &c. p. 37.

<sup>236</sup> Rog. de Hoveden, *Annales*, vol. i. p. 209. Rolls Ed.; also, Atlas Marianus, n. 671, p. 735.

thereof; and her child sitting upon her knee, with one crown on His head, with a diadem set with pearls and stones, having a ball with a cross, silver and gilt, in His left hand, and at either of His feet a scutcheon of arms."<sup>237</sup>

Mention is also made of an ivory statue of our Blessed Ladye which was in the treasury of the cathedral.

"Itm. A tabernacle of ivory standing upon four feet, with two leaves, with one image of our Ladye in the middle, and the Salutation of our Ladye in one leaf, and the Nativity of our Ladye in the other leaf."<sup>238</sup>

The easternmost portion of Lincoln Cathedral is commonly called the Choir of Angels, from the conspicuous elegance of the winged figures in high-relief which adorn the spandrels of the triforium arches.

On the south side is a group, of singular purity of design, representing our Blessed Ladye and her Divine Son, which was thus described in 1848 by Professor Cockerell, R.A.: "The artist has relied wholly on the idea, form and grace of the composition and of the parts; eschewing every extraneous ornament. No hair, scarcely the flesh, the 'nude,' or accessory of any kind, appears; an austere but noble plainness characterizes the whole, and we are captivated by the intrinsic beauty of the conception and execution, unaided by the common resources sought by the vulgar in after-times, when the religious spirit, by which these works were inspired, had declined.

"The Godhead of the Child Jesus appears in the dignity of His attitude and gesture, especially as contrasted with the angelic boy acolyte, who ministers incense to Him with officious zeal. With one hand upon His mother's breast, and standing on her lap, He seems affectionately to confess the taking of our human nature upon Him; while with the other He unveils her whom all generations shall henceforth call *Blessed*. Her nobility, modesty, graciousness, and youth fulfil all the idea of the Virgin Mother.

"Under her feet is the serpent, according to the prediction that 'her seed should bruise its head.'

<sup>237</sup> Mon. Angl. vi. p. 1279.

<sup>238</sup> *Ibid.*



"It may safely be proposed to compare this composition with any other known of this or of any other previous Christian epoch."<sup>239</sup>

This elongation of the church was effected about 1282 for the reception of the relics of St. Hugh, which were enclosed in a golden shrine of exquisite workmanship.

Of St. Hugh his biographer says: "But not to mention the more authoritative opinions of others concerning these great miracles of Almighty God, let it suffice for the present to commend the following consideration to the faith of all simple minded persons: that it was not without good reason that so joyous a display of light was seen to shed lustre on the funeral procession of one, (to do honour to him) who, for the glory of the ever-Virgin Mother of the True Light, had himself crowned the lights which usually burned in her church with the gift of a host of others. For he endowed the treasury of Lincoln with ample revenues for this very purpose, that the lustre of the tapers with which the immense area of its huge cathedral was illuminated during the offices of the night might vie with that of the rays of the sun, with which it was lit up by day."<sup>240</sup>

In the fifteenth century pilgrimages were often imposed as a punishment, just as a magistrate, now-a-days, would pronounce a sentence of fourteen or twenty-one days, or more. And the great peculiarity of being sentenced to a pilgrimage of this sort was, that the penalty might be worked out by deputy. In the municipal archives of Ghent there is a MS. described as the "*Wittenbouc*," which contains a long list of the pilgrimages in Europe thus inflicted at Ghent, and the prices for which they can be bought off, or made by deputy. This list was evidently drawn up prior to 1422. The pilgrimage from Ghent to Our Ladye of Lincoln—*l'ons Vrouwe Lincole*—is put down at five *livres*.<sup>241</sup>

2. Our Ladye in St. Catherine's Church is also named in the list of the *Witten bouc*; *l'ons*

<sup>239</sup> *Lincoln Volume of the Royal Archaeological Institute*, 1848, p. 225.

<sup>240</sup> *Magna Vita S. Hugonis Lincoln epis.* p. 366. Rolls Ed.

<sup>241</sup> Cannaert. *Bydragen tot de kennis van het oude Strafrecht in Vlaenderen.* Ghent, 1835, p. 354.

*Vrauwe en t' Sente Katheline, te Lincole*, and the pilgrimage from Ghent is put down at five *livres*.<sup>242</sup>

## LISKEARD.

Our Ladye in the Park.

Leland says: "About half a mile, or I cam to Liskard, I passed, in a wood, by a chapel of our Lady caullid Our Lady in the Park, where was wont to be gret pilgrymage."<sup>243</sup>

This was an early and a celebrated pilgrimage. In the reign of Edward II. it was determined that the vicar of the parish church had no right to the oblations made at this chapel.<sup>244</sup>

On the 1st November, 1441, Bishop Lacy granted an indulgence to penitent persons who contributed to the repair of the road to this chapel.<sup>245</sup>

It is also mentioned that there were "certain lands gyven to ye said chappell, a garden with an orchard, and one halfe acre of grownde. And in the said chappell was great oblacons some-tyme."<sup>246</sup>

## LONDON.

London in Catholic times may vie with any city in the world in practical devotion to our Blessed Ladye. A volume would not suffice to enumerate all the foundations and pious acts of the citizens of old in her honour. But in the present series a few examples must suffice. The charities, gilds, hospitals, and God's-houses prove that, in their successes, the Catholic citizens of London were ever mindful of our Blessed Ladye. They sought the greater glory of God, the honour of His Immaculate Mother, and their own salvation. Their ambition was to be inscribed in the Book of Life. They strove to acquire riches, but not with the sole object of founding a family: they loved to make the poor of Christ—the Blessed Poor, as they were called in Catholic days—partakers of their wealth; and in the endowment of alms-houses, commonly named Hous:s of God, they sought to provide refuges

<sup>242</sup> Cannaert, *Bydragen tot de kennis van het oude Strafrecht in Vlaenderen*. Ghent, 1835, p. 354.

<sup>243</sup> *Itin.* vol. iii. p. 27.

<sup>244</sup> *Rot. Parl.* iii. p. 505; and Lysons, *Magna Britannia*, Cornwall, p. 202.

<sup>245</sup> *Mon. Dioc. Exon.* p. 72.

<sup>246</sup> *Ibid.* p. 448.

for a succession of Blessed Poor, or *Bedesmen*, whose prayers should daily be offered up for the repose of their souls.

First of all I will begin with  
*The City Seal.*

Stow says: "In the 4 of Richard II., 1380-1, in a full assembly made in the upper chamber of the Guildhall, summoned by William Walworth, then Mayor, as well of Aldermen as of the Common Council in every ward, for certain affairs concerning the King, it was there by common consent agreed and ordained, that the old seal of the office of the mayoralty of the city being very small, old, unapt, and uncomely for the honour of the city, should be broken, and one other new should be had. Which the said Mayor commanded to be made artificially and honourable for the exercise of the said office thereafter in place of the other. In which new seal, besides the images of Peter and Paul, which of old were rudely engraven, there should be, under the feet of the said images, a shield of the arms of the said city perfectly graved, with two lions supporting the same, with two serjeants-of-arms, on either part one and two tabernacles, in which, above, should stand two angels, between whom (above the said images of Peter and Paul) should be set the glorious Virgin. This being done, the old seal of the office was delivered to Richard Odiham, Chamberlain, who brake it, and in place thereof was delivered the new seal to the said Mayor, to use in his office of mayoralty as occasion should require."<sup>247</sup>

It is generally believed that the sword which is borne in the arms of the city is in commemoration of Sir William Walworth's loyal conduct. Stow, however, disposes of the question thus:

"This new seal seemeth to be made before William Walworth was knighted. For he is not intitled there Sir, as he afterwards was. And certain it is that the same new seal then made is now in use, and none other, in that office of mayoralty. Which may suffice to answer the former fable, without showing any evidence sealed with the old seal, which was the cross and swor

<sup>247</sup> Bk. ii. p. 186.

as now be of St. Paul, and not the dagger of William Walworth."<sup>248</sup>

The City arms are, argent, a plain cross gules, a sword of St. Paul in the first quarter.

#### St. Paul's Cathedral.

##### 1. The Marye Mass and Office of our Blessed Ladye.

"Shortly after the beginning of King Henry the Third's time," says Dugdale, "an assignation is made by Eustace de Fauconbridge, Bishop of London, of the church of Bumstead, which the prior and convent of Stoke, at his request, had granted to this cathedrall for the behoof of poor clerks frequenting the quire and celebrating the Holy Office of Our Ladye; and, moreover, of v. marks issuing out of the church of Finchingfeld; so that six clerks should be made choice of every day, with one priest of the quire, to be at the celebration of the Mass of Our Ladye, and also to say mattens and all other canonical hours at her altar.

"And in *anno* MCCXCIX. (29th Edward the First) the prior and convent of Thetford gave four marks *per annum* to be distributed likewise amongst the clerks which should celebrate the Mass of the said Blessed Virgin at her altar."<sup>249</sup>

##### 2. Our Ladye in the Ladye Chapel.

"Which altar," continues Dugdale, "was doubtless it that stood in a certain chapel dedicated to the honour of our Ladye in this church, whereunto I finde that the executors of Hugh de Pourte, in 2nd Edward the Second, gave xviii. *sol* yearly rent to maintain one taper of three pounds weight to burn before it every day whilst her Mass should be solemnizing; and at every procession of the quire before the same altar."<sup>250</sup>

##### 3. Our Ladye at the Pillar in the Nave, commonly known as Our Ladye of Grace.

"But in the body of the church stood the glorious image of the Blessed Virgin, fixt to the

<sup>248</sup> Bk. ii. p. 186.

<sup>249</sup> *History of St. Paul's Cathedral in London.* By William Dugdale. London, 1658, pp. 18, 20.

<sup>250</sup> *Ibid.* loc. cit.

pillar at the foot of Sir John de Beauchamp's tomb (viz., the second pillar on the south side from the steeple westwards.) Before which that there might be a lamp burning every night I find a grant made to the dean and chapter of this cathedrall in *anno* MCCCCLXV. (39th Edward the Third) by John Barnet, then Bishop of Bathe and Wells, of one water-mill, lxxvi. acres of arable land, v. acres of meadow, ix. acres of pasture, viii. acres of wood, and xliii.s. yearly rent lying in Nastoke, in the county of Essex: In which grant he appointeth that after mattens celebrated in the Quire every day, and those present thereat gone out, an antheme of our Ladye, *scilicet*, Nesciens Mater, or some other one suitable to the time, should be sung before the said image, with a versicle: which being performed, the gravest person then present to say a collect of the said Blessed Virgin; afterwards the Psalm of *De profundis* for the souls of all the faithfull, with the versicle and prayer, *Deus cujus miseratione*, &c.: and then the same person to say, *Anima omnium fidelium defunctorum per Dei misericordiam requiescant in pace*.

"Many and frequent were the oblations which were made to this image by devout people and pilgrims, as by the accompts of the church officers appeareth, in so much as the bishop expected some advantage thereby; but to this the dean and chapter not yielding, the difference was referred to the arbitration of Thomas Arundell, Archbishop of Canterbury, who by his award, bearing date xv. February, *anno* MCCCCXI. (13th Henry the Fourth) adjudged them totally to the dean and canons resident; forasmuch as it was then proved that those oblations had been formerly received by their substitutes, viz., the chamberleins and bell-ringers of the church; who giving their daily attendance therein, and taking notice of those that offered their tapers burning, having extinguisht the light, carried them to a roome below the chapter-house, and there caused them to be melted to the use of the said dean and canons. And as for the oblations of money, which were put into an iron box fixt to the same pillar, under the feet of that image; they were then also decreed by the before-specified Archbishop, to the

same dean and canons and their successors for ever."<sup>251</sup>

When the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of London had been dismissed their offices consequently upon the disturbances caused by the Wyclifites, and their successors appointed, the King sent privately, and commanded the city officers to assemble, and make a wax candle, or taper, with the Duke of Lancaster's arms upon it, and carry it, in a solemn procession, to St. Paul's Church, there continually to burn before the image of the Blessed Virgin Marye, at the expence of the City, which was punctually performed.<sup>252</sup>

In the accounts of Elizabeth of York, March 24, 1502—

"Offering to Our Ladye of Grace in Poules, xx d." <sup>253</sup>

December 24, 1502—

"Itm for thofferinge of the Quene to the roode at the north dore of Polles, iii s. viii d.; and to Our Ladye of Grace there iii s. viii d.

"Summa, vii s. iiiii d." <sup>254</sup>

NOTE.—As the anthem, *Nesciens Mater*, has disappeared from our modern prayer-books, I think it as well to insert it here—

*Nesciens Mater Virgo virum peperit  
sine dolore Salvatorem sæculorum,  
ipsum Regem Angelorum sola Virgo  
lactabat ubere de cælo pleno.* <sup>255</sup>

A Maiden-Mother pure, who never man did know,  
The Saviour of all times, with pangless travail bare  
The Angel's King Himself, from breasts which heaven  
made flow,

Alone a Virgin fed, His Maiden-Mother fair.

<sup>251</sup> *Lec. cit.*

<sup>252</sup> Entick, *Hist. of London*, vol. i. p. 282.

<sup>253</sup> Privy Expenses, p. 3.

<sup>254</sup> *Ibid.* p. 81.

<sup>255</sup> Schneidt, *Olivetum Marianum*. Col. Agrip. 1735, p. 97.







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